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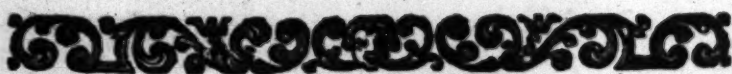
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EPISTLES, ODES, &c.

Written on

Several SUBJECTS:

WITH A

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Concerning the

Perfection of the *English* Language, the State of Poetry, &c.

By Mr. WELSTED.

— *Juvat immemorata ferentem*
Ingenuis oculisq; legi manibusque teneri. HOR.

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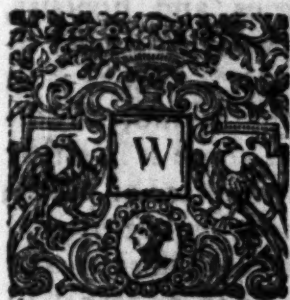
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T O
His G R A C E
T H E
Duke of Newcastle,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's
Houshold, Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,



H A T E V E R, in the cr-
fuing volume, has been
printed before, was receiv'd
with a very remarkable
candour and indulgence by
all sorts of readers; and
'tis this, together with your
G R A C E's experienc'd care
for arts, that has principal-
ly encourag'd me to address these writings to
A 2 you:

you : No works of mine should have aspir'd to so great an honour, if they could not have brought with them some marks of publick favour ; that favour, whatever it be, and the good nature of the town express'd towards them, gives me, I confess, a very sincere pleasure, while it gives me an argument for introducing them to the duke of NEWCASTLE ; the good fortune my writings have met with, could never have been boasted of, or even mention'd by me, but that it contributes to make their way to your GRACE with more respect and dignity.

THE generality of writers, and what they pretend is, I question not, very unaffected, have recourse to the sanction of great names, as a charm against envy, sometimes without being in any danger of exciting it, and as a defence from the attacks of criticks, an inhospitable race of people, that are at perpetual enmity with poets, as the *Turks* with the *Maltese*. The Poets, my LORD, like those of *Makia*, have but a small territory to defend ; like them they possess certain immunities and honours, and boast the most illustrious of mankind among the knights of their order ; they are, in common with the heroes of that island, adventurers for fame and glory ; and there is in either institution, but one preferment or place of profit ; the enemies of the one and the other are equally savage, and tho' not very famous for the arts and discipline of war, yet much to be fear'd in regard of their rage, noise, and numbers : It is there-

therefore with good reason, that the writers of verse so earnestly sollicite succours from those who are best able to afford it them ; they have great need to be protected from their *Mabometan* adversaries. This, my LORD, is the case of most of us ; but the following poems do not, at this time, wholly pretend this plea for favour ; they have, in the greater part of them, already pass'd thro' the trials and dangers of the poetical warfare ; and now that the heat of the day is over, they humbly throw themselves at your GRACE's feet, in hopes of finding there an honourable *Asylum*. Many of them, my LORD, which I must not omit to mention in justice to myself, were, expressly, written to assert my zeal for the protestant establishment, and to celebrate, what in me lay, those brave *Englishmen*, that had signaliz'd themselves in its defence : As such, they have an additional right to your GRACE's care, over and above that which the muses claim to the favour of great men, and may with uncommon propriety, apply for patronage, to the acknowledg'd patron of liberty.

I SHALL say nothing farther at present on the affair of this particular work ; my own private interests in poetry, under the honour of your GRACE's protection, are, I doubt not, in a very good way : But when I consider poets, in their general cause and concerns, I own, I cannot affirm, that they prosper exceedingly in this age, even tho', you, my LORD, the living ornament of it, have so eminently befriended

them ; whether it be, that the inordinate love of gain has taken off men's attention from this delicate sort of pleasure, or that other gratifications, by their variety and novelty, have cast a damp on it for a while ; or that from the reigning temper of the people, at present, not poetry itself can be popular, if it be not disaffected, or whatever other reasons may be assign'd : Notwithstanding this, I flatter myself, there is something in the situation of publick affairs at this time, that gives the votaries of this art a promise of better days. It is not, unless I mistake, much more than a century, since *England* first recover'd out of something like barbarism, with respect to its state of letters and politeness : The great rude writers of our nation, in early times, did indeed promise what the *English* genius would one day be capable of, when the refinement of our language, and other improvements, might afford favourable opportunities for the exerting of it ; and at the *Restoration* it was, that poetry and polite arts began to spring up : In the reign of WILLIAM III. the founder of *English* liberty, they acquir'd great strength and vigour, and have continued to thrive, gradually, down almost to our times. Thus have they, surrounded with continual tempests, and through a series of dangerous and unsettled times, kept on in a progressive state : How much more will they, in all likelihood, if not greatly check'd, advance in the present calm, that is spread over publick affairs ? May it not, my LORD, be reasonably hoped, that the peace, the happiness, the universal quiet and

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tranquillity, which *Great Britain* and all *Europe* enjoys under the influence of his M A J E S T Y's councils, will have such happy consequences for all the studies of *humanity*, as may, in time, and under just encouragements, bring them to that *standard* or perfection, which denominates a classical age?

EVERY civiliz'd nation has, I believe, sooner or later, such an age; how far we may be in it, or what approaches we have made towards it, I need not go about to ascertain: However, it seems to me plain, that the *English* language is not capable of a much greater perfection, than it has already attain'd: We have traffick'd with every country for the enriching of it; the moderns and ancients have both contributed to the giving it splendor and magnificence; the fairest scyons, that could be had from the gardens of *France* and *Italy*, have been grafted on our old stocks, to refine the savageness of the breed; we have laid aside all our harsh antique words, and retain'd only those of good sound and energy; the most beautiful polish is at length given to our tongue, and its *Teutonic* rust quite worn away: Little or nothing, then, is wanting, in respect of copiousness and harmony; some new acquisitions, 'tis granted, may occasionally be gain'd, and a judicious writer may find an opportunity sometimes of throwing a jewel into our language, a word or expression of more sweetness or significancy, than it had before; but all men have not the talent of doing this with judgment, as all do

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not distinguish between hard and elegant words, or see how poetry and eloquence differ from pedantry : Nor does any thing, I conceive, require greater skill or delicacy, than to improve a language by introducing foreign treasures into it ; the words, so introduc'd, ought to be such, as, in a manner, naturalize themselves ; that is, they ought to fall into the idiom, and suit with the genius of the tongue, they are brought into, so luckily, as almost to seem, originally, of its own growth ; otherwise, the attempt will end in nothing but an uncouth unnatural jargon, like the phrase and stile of MILTON, which is a second *Babel*, or confusion of all languages ; a fault, that can never be enough regretted in that immortal poet, and which if he had wanted, he had perhaps wanted a superior. Upon the whole, there is a point of perfection in general, which when once a language is arriv'd to, it cannot exceed, tho' it may degenerate from it ; and thus it happen'd both to *Greece* and *Rome* ; they both gain'd this point of perfection, and both declin'd from it ; the stile of PLUTARCH, and the more modern *Greek* authors, being as impure and corrupt, in comparison of that of XENOPHON and PLATO, as is the stile of JUVENAL, LUCAN, and others, compared with that of HORACE, CATULLUS, VIRGIL. The vulgar opinion therefore is a vulgar error, viz. that our language will continue to go on from one refinement to another, and pass thro' perpetual variations and improvements, till in time the *English*, we now speak, is become as obsolete and unin-

unintelligible as that of CHAUCER, and so on, as long as we are a people; this is what one of our poets laid down some years ago as an undoubted maxim,

And what now CHAUCER is, shall DRYDEN be.

But whoever this writer is, he certainly judg'd the matter wrong; it is with languages, as it is with animals, vegetables, and all other things; they have their rise, their progress, their maturity, and their decay: It cannot indeed be guess'd, in the infancy of a people, how many generations may pass, e'er their language comes to this last perfection; this depends on unforeseen circumstances and events; but when once a tongue has acquir'd such a degree of excellence, it is not difficult to judge of it, and to see it; tho' it is as impossible to declare, how long it will continue in that purity, as it was before to know, when it would arrive to it: The beauty of the *Roman* language began to fade soon after the subversion of the commonwealth, and was owing to it, as the loss of their liberty made way for that inundation of barbarous nations, that afterwards over-ran them; the *English* language, perhaps, may never share the same fate from the same causes; it may remain in its present lustre for many centuries, perhaps not decline from it, till the divine will shall think fit, if ever it thinks fit, to transplant the seats of learning from these to some other parts of the world: That this, indeed, may happen some time or other, is not unlikely, as far as one may judge of things to come by those that are

are past ; as far, I say, as the experience of past things may enable us to form a judgment concerning the rules of providence, it seems to be one law in his dispensations, that arts and sciences, with their train of blessings, shall visit, in their turn, all parts of the globe, and that every part, in its turn, shall lie sunk in desolation and barbarism : The prevailing opinion is, that the elements of knowledge had their rise in *Egypt* ; but whether this be true or false, or wherever they began, 'tis certain that countries, formerly barbarous, are now learned, and that the most learned of former times are the most barbarous of the present : The lesser *Asia* was a great while the most civiliz'd spot of the earth, and the most distinguish'd for trade and wealth ; science and ingenuity, in process of time, transmigrated into *Greece*, from *Greece* into *Italy*, and from thence spread gradually over almost all the other countries of *Europe* ; and we have lately seen, in the same quarter of the world, a nation, the greatest for extent of territory, emerging, as it were, all of a sudden, out of the depth of savageness, and promising to vie with the politest of their neighbours in all the arts of peace and war. Thus has *Learning*, in different ages, shifted her abode, deserting one people to cultivate another : At present, she resides among us in *Europe*, but some time hereafter may possibly take her flight into *America*, settle there, and flourish, in that new-discovered world, even among nations as yet unknown to us. But to return, my LORD, from this digression ; the notion I have been endeavouring

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to lead your GRACE into, is, that the *English* language does, at this day, possess all the advantages and excellencies, which are very many, that its nature will admit of, whether they consist in softness and majesty of sound, or in the force and choice of words, or in variety and beauty of construction: And I am satisfy'd, that what I have asserted, could be more fully made out by other considerations, than those already suggested; particularly, by comparing the improvements our language has gain'd, since the time of the first refiners of it, with those it had in their time, and receiv'd from them, and by making the same comparison with respect to the *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, and other tongues, and then by stating, as accurately as may be, the time when these respective languages ceas'd improving, visibly and materially, and how long they continued in such an unprogressive state. But I shall not give my self the trouble of doing this, since any person of learning and discernment, if he pleases to think on the subject, may as well do it for himself. It is sufficient to have given the hint. I shall only add on this subject,* now I am speaking of the acquir'd advantages of the *English* tongue, that its natural ones are likewise very great, and such as, I believe, other modern languages do not possess, or not with equal happiness; as that it is capable of finely compounding its words oftentimes, like the *Greek*; and in verse, which I chiefly have my eye upon all along, has many measures, the *Iambic* and *Troche* for instance, in common with the *Greek* and *Latin*, an advantage arising from

from the variation of the accent; and that rhyme is peculiarly natural to it, varying itself to the ear with excessive sweetness and truth; not to mention the *Cæsuras*, *Pauses*, *Transpositions*, and numberless other graces, which our versification is capable of, and which result wholly from the original goodness of the tongue.

THUS much for the natural excellence and present perfection of the *English* language; and as far as this goes, my LORD, are we advanced towards what I have call'd a *Classical* age: The materials to work with are good; what we further require is genius in the workmen; or, in other words, the ingredients, that compose the colouring, being ripe and lasting, there wants only a fine imagination and a skilful hand to direct the pencil.

NOR will genius's, equal to the highest undertakings, be wanting, so I am apt to flatter myself, among other circumstances, from the agreeable prospect of publick affairs, provided proper incitements, as was noticed before, be added for raising in men a noble emulation and desire of excelling: The force of encouragement is such, that it has carried arts to the most envied height even in enslav'd countries, as well as in those of freedom; in a word, 'twas the regard paid to men of great talents, and the liberal distribution of rewards among them, that gave so great an eclat to the reigns of two memorable Princes in different ages, of whom one came to power by the most infamous methods,

rhods, and the other exercis'd it with the greatest cruelty.

EVERY thing, my LORD, our trade, our peace, our liberty, the complexion of our language and of our government, and the disposition and spirit of the *Britons*, admirably turn'd by nature for succeeding in poetry, all would conspire to make this nation the rival of the most renown'd among the ancients for works of wit and genius; could we but once see that amiable temper of humanity, and that love of learning, which distinguish your GRACE, more generally prevail among persons of your rank: Give us our *Holles's*, and we shall not be long without our poets.

I AM in no doubt, but your GRACE will excuse this ardour, which my subject has unwarily work'd me into, and which proceeds purely from the passion I have for the glory of my native country; a passion, which has made you, my LORD, the darling of it, and is the only quality in which I can hope to resemble you, as well as the best recommendation I can have to your favour.

IT is not unlikely, it may be expected, that, in an introduction to a collection of poems, of a very various kind, and while I have the honour of addressing myself to so good a judge, I should say something of the maxims and rules, in general, of poetry: Some authors, I take it, do this by way of key to the beauties of their

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productions, which method does not yet always answer their expectation, or much promote the view they have in it: For my own part, as this kind of ostentation is by no means agreeable to me, so I am convinc'd, it would give no satisfaction to your GRACE, nor be in the least useful to any man: All that the ancients, or the moderns copying after them, have written on this scheme, is no more than a sett of very obvious thoughts and observations, which every man of good sense naturally knows without being taught, and which never made a good poet, or mended a bad one; nor have they, I may venture to affirm, been of any other service to mankind, than to furnish out multitudes of pretenders in poetry, that otherwise had never teaz'd the publick with their spiritless performances: Those observations or rules were primarily form'd upon and design'd to serve only as comments to the works of certain great authors, who compos'd those works without any such help; the mighty originals, from whence they were drawn, were produc'd without them; and unluckily for all rules, it has commonly happen'd since, that those writers have succeeded the worst, who have pretended to have been most assisted by them. What is here said of the rules of poetry, is equally true of those of rhetorick, and some other arts: The art of poetry, of HORACE, is, no question, a masterly piece, if one considers the stile, method, and poetry of it, and yet I cannot but think, there are scatter'd thro' the odes, the satyrs, and epistles of that author, more ele-

gant hints concerning poetry, and that go further into the truth of it, than are to be met with in his profess'd dissertation on that subject. As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite : Most of these pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of commonplace ; nor do any, or all of them put together, contribute in any considerable degree, if they contribute at all, towards the raising or finishing a good genius : The truth is, they touch only the externals or form of the thing, without entering into the spirit of it ; they play about the surface of poetry, but never dive into its depths ; the secret, the soul of good writing, is not to be come at thro' such mechanic laws ; the main graces, and the cardinal beauties of this charming art, lie too retir'd within the bosom of nature, and are of too fine and subtle an essence, to fall under the discussion of pedants, commentators, or trading criticks, whether they be heavy prose-drudges, or more sprightly essayers in rhyme : These beauties, in a word, are rather to be felt than describ'd ; by what precepts shall a writer be taught, only to think poetically, or to trace out, among the various powers of thought, that particular vein or feature of it, which poetry loves, and to distinguish between the good sense, which may have its weight and justness in prose, and that which is the nature of verse ? What instruction shall convey to him that flame, which can alone ani-

mate a work, and give it the glow of poetry? And how, or by what industry shall be learn'd, among a thousand other charms, that delicate contexture in writing, by which the colours, as in the rainbow, grow out of one another, and every beauty owes its lustre to a former, and gives being to a succeeding one? Could certain methods be laid down for attaining these excellencies, every one that pleas'd, might be a poet; as every one that pleases, may be a geometrician, if he will but have due patience and attention: Many of the graces in poetry may, I grant, be talk'd of in very intelligible language, but intelligible only to those who have a natural *taste* for it, or are born with the talent of judging: To have what we call *taste*, is having, one may say, a new sense or faculty superadded to the ordinary ones of the soul, the prerogative of fine spirits! and to go about to pedagogue a man into this sort of knowledge, who has not the seeds of it in himself, is the same thing, as if one should endeavour to teach an art of seeing without eyes: True conceptions of poetry can no more be communicated to one born without taste, than adequate ideas of colours can be given to one born without sight; all which is saying no more, than it would be to say, that to judge finely of musick, it is requisite to have naturally a good ear for it: Those celestial bodies, which thro' their distance cannot appear to us by the help of glasses, do yet as truly exist, as if they could be seen by the naked eye; so are the graces of poetry, though they come within the reach but of few, as real, as if they

they were perceptible alike to all ; the difference is, the telescope, which brings the one to our view, is artificial ; that, which shews us the other, is natural : In fine, the same arguments, that will convince a sightless man of the reality of light ; and another, who has no idea but of noise, of the reality of harmony, will as conclusively prove to one, wholly void of *taste*, the existence of poetical excellencies : Some of these, I have said, may be discoursed of with accuracy and clearness enough ; that is, so as to be understood by those who understand them already ; but there are others of that exquisite nicety, that they will not fall under any descriptions, nor yield to the torture of explanation : We are irresistibly captivated by them, wherever we find them in good authors, without being able to say precisely, what that power is that captivates us ; as, when one views a very beautiful woman, one is immediately affected with her beauty, tho' we cannot mechanically explain the cause that has that force over us ; we feel the enchantment, and the eye strikes it into the heart, but are at a loss for the solutions and reasons of it ; we know, we are silently struck by the power of a certain proportion or symmetry, but do not strictly know the measure of that symmetry, and the positive laws by which it is govern'd : Poetry, in this particular view of it, may be said to flow from a source, which like the *Nile*, it conceals ; the stream is clear and transparent, while the fountain is hid. Here then, at least, rules are impracticable ; but while I am in this trace of thought, I am

not to be understood, as if I would throw the talent of writing in verse into a lawless mystery, and make of it a wild ungovern'd province, where reason has nothing to do : It is certain, every thing depends on reason, and must be guided by it ; but it is as certain, that reason operates differently, when it has different things for its object ; poetical reason is not the same as mathematical reason ; there is in good poetry as rigid truth, and as essential to the nature of it, as there is in a question of *Algebra*, but that truth is not to be prov'd by the same process or way of working ; poetry depends much more on imagination, than other arts, but is not on that account less reasonable than they ; for imagination is as much a part of reason, as is memory or judgment, or rather a more bright emanation from it, as to paint and throw light upon ideas, is a finer act of the understanding, than simply to separate or compare them : The plays, indeed, and the flights of fancy, do not submit to that sort of discussion, which moral or physical propositions are capable of, but must nevertheless, to please, have justness and natural truth : The care to be had, in judging of things of this nature, is to try them by those tests that are proper to themselves, and not by such as are proper only to other knowledges. Thus poetry is not an irrational art, but as closely link'd with reason, exerted in a right way, as any other knowledge ; what it differs in, as a science of reason, from other sciences, is, that it does not, equally with them, lie level to all capacities

ties, that a man, rightly to perceive the reason and the truth of it, must be born with *taste* or a faculty of judging, and that it cannot be reduc'd to a formal science, or taught by any set precepts. I will only add to what I have said on this head, that in most other arts, care and application are chiefly requir'd, which is not sufficient in poetry; a poet often owes more to his good fortune than to his industry, and this is what is usually call'd the felicity of a writer, that is, when in the warmth of his imagination he lights upon a conception, an image, or way of turning a thought or phrase, with a beauty, which he could not have attain'd by any study, and which no rules could have led him to; and this happiness it is, which, in honour to great poets, is sometimes call'd or believ'd to be inspiration. Upon the whole therefore, that I may draw to a conclusion, it should seem likely, that general maxims and rules in poetry, at least as they are ordinarily propounded, are rather for form and ostentation than for use; and I think what *Valerius Maximus* has affirm'd concerning virtue, may, with equal or better reason, be applied to them, *Quid enim doctrina proficit? Ut politiora, non ut meliora fiant ingenia; quoniam quidem sola virtus nascitur magis quam fingitur.* Some of these maxims may possibly serve to polish a genius, but cannot make it better than nature made it; as a rough diamond is not heightened in value, but only prepar'd to be set to view by the hands of the lapidary. The author, of whose work I have subjoin'd a translation to the following poems, attempted

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when I was very young, but now revis'd, particularly in the quotations from the poets, which are all new-translated, and made as faithful in the whole, as my health and the time I had for doing it, would allow of *: This author is, indeed, of opinion, that precepts may be laid down of use for acquiring the sublime; but he presupposes at the same time a natural genius for it, an aptitude of mind to think greatly and happily; and no one, in his judgment, can be a sublime writer, who has not a sublimity and a nobleness of soul.

ASTRONOMERS tell us, that bodies attract one another in proportion to their solid contents or quantity of matter; this, they say, they know by experiments, and calculations, and that by these principles they can explain the motions of the planets, which compose our system; but they do not pretend to shew the mechanical causes of this gravitation, or attraction; all they can say about it, is, that this general law was originally impress'd on nature by God, who might give what laws to nature he thought fit. In like manner, to end this subject at once, must we speak of taste, imagination, and of many beauties in poetry; we know from consciousness and experience, there are such faculties of the mind, and such results of genius; we know the effect they have upon us, and the pleasures they produce in us; but we cannot

* The translation of LONGINUS, here-mention'd, is in the Octavo edition of these poems.

not physically account for them, any more than we can for the soul itself, or any of those other operations of it, which, as they lie more in common, are less liable to be called in question.

I DID in earnest design to have ended, here, this subject; but to prevent, if I can, the possibility of being misunderstood, I will add, that, when I speak of *rules* in poetry as useless, I do not mean, that experience, knowledge, application, and every method, by which excellency is attain'd in other things, are not necessary for the aiding a good genius: What I contend against is, the common traditionary rules; such as, for example, *Poetry is an imitation; it has nature for its object; as an art, it has some end, and consequently means or rules to attain that end; an English verse contains five feet; a play ought to consist of neither more nor less than five acts; there ought to be a fable or design in it, &c. the manners are to be preserv'd, and he that is valiant in the first act, must not be a coward in the second; old men are to talk in the strain of old age, young men in that of youth, and masters, servants, &c. suitably to their respective conditions of life: a gay similitude or description avails nothing, when out of season; in pastorals, let a shepherd have the simplicity of a shepherd; in epics, a heroe, the dignity of a heroe: be not witty in the wrong place; correct and alter incessantly, and so on.* If I were to run over all the rules, I might fill many pages with maxims of the same weight and importance, but I will only collect a little of the like sort out of the *English* essays in rhyme.

Remember

*Remember, that the diction every where
Be gentle, clean —*

No cutting off of vowels must be found.

*Think not, where shining thoughts to place,
But what a man should say in such a case.*

*—— Be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter whate'er seems amiss.*

*Songs to a just perfection should be wrought;
Yet where can we see one without a fault?*

*Bare ribaldry, and nauseous songs, are most
unfit.*

The language still must soft and easie run.

*Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confident;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us.*

First on a plot employ thy careful thought.

*—— 'Tis drudgery to stoop so low;
Yet to the player your secret meaning show.*

*Another fault, which often does befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall,
So overflow, that is, be none at all.*

Thas

That silly thing, men call, speer-wit, avoid.

You must not say too little, nor too much.

I HAVE here cull'd out the finest things and the very flower of all I could meet with in most of our arts or essays of poetry; I will not now dwell on the depth of these wise sayings, or the uncommon elegancy with which they are deliver'd; but shall only inform your GRACE, that these are some of the most material of those sublime truths, which have been handed down from age to age with so great pomp, authority, and shew of learning; these are those wonderful discoveries, to the observation of which alone, it is affirm'd, and to nothing else, the perfection of all good poetical writings has been owing: It may be so; I will not absolutely gainsay it, both as I am an enemy to disputation, and by reason of my great unworthiness to pronounce in so solemn an affair: However, I will venture to propose to your GRACE one question, and it is this; of what advantage, think you, my LORD, it would be to a young painter, if with a magisterial air, one should document him in this manner? *I will disclose to you the mysteries of your art, and the laws that preside over it: Attend; painting is an imitation; if you do not follow nature, you had as good do nothing; when you draw a Venus, take great care not to give her a fish's tail, since persons of consummate judgment and extraordinary abilities will laugh at you, however you may get the applause*

plause of the unlearned: It is not sufficient, that one feature be regular; the whole must be of a piece and uniform: Display not a crocodile among a flock of sheep, or a bed of cloth of gold in landscape: Draw no smiles in the face of a Magdalen, nor give tears to a Lais: By no means paint a woman with a beard, nor a man more than six foot and eight inches in height, and for this excellent reason, because portraiture, most especially of all things, is an imitation of nature: Cast a veil over the parts of modesty, for fear of offending the religious and chaste: A Venus without a nose is a monster: When your sketches are rude and imperfect, provided you know it, alter 'em; and alter 'em for the better, provided you are able: This is an admirable precept. These are the maxims, which have been deriv'd to us from antiquity, and which all the wit of man has not been able to change or improve: You once, indeed, painted a Madona, as fine as ever came from the hand of TITIAN, long before I let you into the knowledge of these great fundamental laws, but yet your happy execution of it was wholly owing to the observation of them: If, upon the whole, you succeed and gain reputation, fail not to cry up these rules, and to own the obligation you have to 'em; if not, cry 'em up still more, and insist with double warmth on their excellence and the necessity of them.

I DARE say, your GRACE will be of opinion with me, notwithstanding the seeming plausibility of these maxims, and the evident truth

truth there is in them, that yet a great deal more, and of a very different and more essential kind, must conspire in the forming a *Raphael*; it is the same thing in poetry: But since the known stated laws of this art are, probably, of so little significancy, how, it will be said, and by what means shall a person, born with a very good genius for it, carry that gift of nature up to the utmost improvements and perfection it is capable of? Why, by carrying his enquiries closely and carefully into men, manners, human nature; by frequently viewing things, as they are in themselves, and under their natural images, and by growing intimate with them; by accustoming his mind to look deeply into, and to judge accurately of all objects; by being conversant with the writings of great poets, and by tracing their beauties, and striking out of his own reflections improvements upon 'em; by studying severely the language he writes in, and by sitting all the turns, graces, and refinements, it will admit of; by adding to his own notions whatever he can gather from every man of good sense and taste he meets with; and by labouring all the while, to execute and throw out into practice that knowledge and those seeds of poetry, which he has treasur'd up; and by many other ways, processes, and experiences, not easy to be describ'd, and which, together with some of those already mention'd, are the road to perfection in other arts: And thus may a poet go on to improve himself continually, even to the end of his life, or till the fire of poetry is extinguish'd in him by old

age; his study is endless: The great general rules of poetry, are, *to think justly*, Sapere est & principium & fons; *to imagine beautifully*; and *to distinguish well what sort of writing best suits one's genius*: the particular ones are without number, and must become at by the methods above-mention'd. Thus it is, to set this matter in the strongest light it will bear, with the rules of logic, or the art of reason; the first universal rule is, *never to give or deny one's assent to any thing, till we evidently see the truth or falshood of it*; and that we may preserve that evidence in all our reasonings, the general rules are, *Never to reason of things, that we have no clear ideas of*; *to begin by the simplest and easiest truths*; and *to dwell long upon them, before we proceed to those that are more difficult and compounded*: the particular ones, as in poetry, are infinite; they are not to be found any where altogether, and in part every where; we must gather 'em out of all well-written books, out of all the reasonable men we converse with, out of all we read, all we see, all we hear, all we think of: The study of logic therefore, like that of poetry, has no end, and we may go on for ever to improve our reason: As for the common school logic, or syllogisms, these, like the common rules of poetry, I take to be wholly useless; they serve to no purpose but to wrangle and dispute; they rather puzzle and embarrass the understanding, than enlighten it, and are only the inventions of sophisters, to get reputation and money by difficult trifles; they cannot be put in practice

by the greatest sticklers for them out of an universality disputation; and I think, the best thing a man can do, when he has learn'd these subtilties, is to unlearn them again, as fast as he conveniently can: As the common rules of logic serve only for disputing, so the common rules of poetry serve only for pedantry. I might consider the rules of rhetoric with the same view and application, but I think 'tis needless: What has given something like authority to these wretched poetical documents, call'd the rules, is my lord Roscommon's translation of HORACE'S *Ars Poetica*, from which nothing is oftner quoted than these lines:

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,

Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?

It is not likely, that any one, that knew a Rule, which he thought a reasonable one, would not be ruled by it, if he could; the sense therefore is not very just in its self; much less is it the sense of HORACE, whose words are,

Descriptas servare vias, operumq; colores;

Can ego, si nequeo ignorq; poeta salutor.

that is, if I want skill or judgment to write in character, and to keep up to propriety, as the nature of different works requires; why do I take upon me the name of a poet? This sense is right enough, but the translator has levell'd it down to common cant: To speak plainly, his translation is, through the whole, flow and prosaic,

prosaic, and has nothing of that spirit of poetry, or beauty of language, which alone makes the original pleasing; its utmost praise is, that it gives us, in the main, the true meaning of HORACE; the merit of this noble author in other respects is, undoubtedly, very great, and he must be acknowledg'd to have wrote extremely well for the age he liv'd in: Criticism, under his management, was in tolerably good hands; but the unhappiness is, that among us, it commonly falls to the lot of men, of very mean and narrow conceptions, strong in passion and bigotry; and therefore their writings are, mostly, illiberal, scurrilous, vindictive, insolent, equally void of wit and knowledge, full of the jargon of terms, empty of argument: And here I mean critics of all denominations, whether they plod in modern or ancient writing. True criticism is the truest friend of poetry; and all good poets may naturally wish, that the knowledge of it was as extensive and universal, as the exercise is unlimited, and that there were as many just critics or judges in poetry, as there are in any other art; a fine artist, in every way, has nothing so much to dread as an ill judge, and wants only good ones to be esteem'd and valu'd; he is sensible, the reputation and honour of his art will grow, in proportion as the nature and value of it is known, and therefore he is glad of every opportunity to put his work into the hands of those, that are curious in it, and can see the truth and neatness of it; if he detests and scorns triflers, that will be perpetually meddling in the affairs of his skill,

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without knowing any thing, about 'em; he is not therefore an enemy to judgment and the exercise of it in his art, but the greater friend to it: It is with these restrictions, and in this sense I am to be understood, in whatever I have spoke concerning critics, rules, and the like; and I hope, after this explanation, I shall less risque incurring the displeasure of persons greatly learned in the writings of ARISTOTLE, SEALIGER, BOSSU, VOSSIUS, and others.

I T would come regularly into my scheme of thinking at this time, as well as serve to illustrate it, after these abstracted remarks on poetry, to go into a view, in some sort, of poets, particularly our own: But your GRACE is too learned in the writings of the ancients, and of your countrymen, to bear me out in this, or to make it becoming for me to direct to you my sentiments concerning them; and I chuse besides, that reason apart, to reserve this enquiry, till an opportunity is given me of publishing some thoughts, I have by me, on dramatic writing, and the authors that have made a figure in it. In the mean time, my LORD, permit me, among other hints, cursorily to take notice of the bizarre fate of divers of our *English* poets; no country, certainly, was ever so fruitful of immature glory, as ours: How many authors, that were ador'd in the last age, are sunk into the utmost contempt in the present! Our fathers dwelt with rapture on the compositions of men, whom their sons would blush, in good company, but to own they had read.

On the contrary, it must be acknowledg'd, there are some, that have acquir'd fresh strength from time, and whose well ground'd reputation encreases daily. The former, like false prophets, gain'd credit for a day ; the latter secur'd a lasting fame by the miracles they perform'd.

If one considers the herd of writers, in the past and present times, they have, great part of them, been servile copiers after others ; and this perhaps is one cause that the *English* genius has not gone greater lengths. Imitation is the bane of writing, nor ever was a good author, that entirely form'd himself on the model of another ; for poetry, in this respect, resembles painting ; no performance in it can be valuable, which is not an original ; the reason is, that to imitate is purely mechanical, whereas to write is a work of nature : As that agreeableness which is seen in persons of a genteel air, does not come by imitation, or the instructions of a dancing-master, but rises from the original turn of the body ; it is about 'em and all over 'em, one does not know how ; so that which truly and lastingly pleases in writing, is always the result of a man's own force, and of that first cast of soul, which gives him a promptitude to excel ; it is his proper wealth, and he draws it out of himself, as the silk-worm spins out of her own bowels that soft ductile substance, which is wrought into so great a variety of ornaments : In effect, works of imitation differ from originals, as fruits brought to maturity

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by artificial fires, differ from those that are ripen'd by the natural heat of the sun, and the indulgence of a kindly climate. What has been here said is, not only true, as it regards poets, but is likewise applicable to almost all the great philosophers that have rose in former or late ages: These, for the most part, have been men, who have struck out their discoveries by the mere strength of a great genius, without treading in the steps of any who went before 'em, and without being much oblig'd to the assistance of learning; such, among others, were DES CARTES, HOBBS, and LOCKE. But to proceed, what is worst of all, the misfortune of most imitators is, that they imitate the faults, not the beauties of the writer in their view; whatever remarkable vice or defect he has, they will try hard to resemble him in it; whatever excellence, they take care not so much as to endeavour after it.

I WILL detain you, my LORD, but very little longer on this topick of the *English* poets: great part of 'em, as I just now observ'd, have been imitators; another body of them, yet more numerous and more despicable than these, consists of such as have learnt from the rules the measure of a verse, and a few other things of not much more consequence: and certainly, of all the causes that have help'd to swell the throng of ill writers, none have more contributed to it, than those essays on poetry before-mention'd: Hence it is, that we have so many mechanical poets, and that people daily

set themselves to versify, who were never design'd for it by nature; tis this that has turn'd into a trick, what, in a noble sense, is an art, *viz.* an art of genius. A late eminent writer of our nation somewhere says, I know not for what reason, but it was his way to say every thing that came into his head, and only for the sake of saying it, which makes his critical discourses a pretty amusing mixture of wit and ribaldry, good sense and impropriety, and vanity and modesty odly jumbld together; there is a liveliness in them that never tires one, but they want solidity and justness to give full satisfaction: This author, somewhere, tells us, that he had by him what I do not remember, whether he calls an *English* art, essay, or prosodia, in which were contain'd all the mechanical rules of versification, and wherein he had treated with exactness, of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses; but he adds, that for fear he should instruct some poets to make well-running verses, who wanted genius to give 'em strength, he was resolv'd not to publish it: I am heartily glad he did not, for we have enough already of those books, and in consequence of them, of a much worse sort of writing, something, which to speak properly, is neither prose nor poetry, a sort of low sense made yet lower by being put into metre and jingle, and that differs from uninform'd prose, as a country parson in a dance differs from himself out of it: Those compositions, that are thoroughly ridiculous thro' some extravagancy, have their proper merit by making one merry; but those
that

that neither have this effect, nor give delight by their excellence, are of all others the least to be born : Who can endure what is like wir, in such a way, as to be worse than the entire want of it? For my part, I acknowledge, the sprightly nonsense of some writers has far more charms for me, than the dull sense of others ; there is in fustian and in impertinency, when they are alert, something that awakens one ; but this sober, tasteless, I know not what to call it, raises no passion, nor of laughter, nor joy, nor admiration : It is the plenty of compositions of this strain, which has brought poetry itself into disgrace with the ignorant, and even made some persons, that do not want shrewdness in other respects, treat it as a trifle, and at the best but a plausible folly.

IF I could prevail with your GRACE to go along with me into any further detail of these things, it should be to examine into that very prevailing, but unjust opinion, that poetry is of no use, that is, of no consequence or benefit to mankind ; and the rather, because poets themselves have sometimes been so weak as to prefer all other knowledges to it in this regard, and to keep so disadvantageous a notion of it in countenance by the authority of their concessions : There is, in reality, nothing in the whole compass of literature of greater use than poetry ; however, my LORD, I will not tire you by spending more words and time on this argument than is worth while : The knowledges of law, physick, and divinity, are of too tender

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a constitution to be meddled with; but I may venture to mention some others; and to begin with mathematicks; Of what advantage has that boasted part of science been to mankind, excepting what has relation to it in mechanicks? Is the world at all benefited by the doctrine of fluxions and infinite *littles*? Or, does it concern the interests of society, whether the system of *Des Cartes* be receiv'd, or that other, which is, at present in greater reputation in *England*? This branch of learning may be said, perhaps, in general, to habit the mind to truth, and give it an exactitude of reasoning; which poetry may also be said to do, in as fine a sense, tho' after a different manner. With respect to metaphysical knowledge, no body, I am persuaded, will contend much for the usefulness of it: Mr. COWLEY, I think, has said, that he could never determine certainly, whether there was any truth or no in that science; but he was either too hasty in this judgment, or he had not enter'd into the finest parts of it; but however that be, let us add to it natural philosophy, and what do they both together serve for, further than curiosity and amusement? There are in the former many pleasing speculations, and highly delightful to those that take pleasure in abstract thinking, and that the latter furnishes an agreeable employment to men of an inquisitive turn, is not denied; but this comes to no more than bare pleasure, the pleasure there is in knowledge, as such, and in all knowledge alike; nor is the speculative knowledge of poetry less various or delightful than that

that of any other art: To go further; assemble in one view the different refinements of architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and many others, and what do any or all of them promote, except the luxury and the ornaments of life? Thus far, then, poetry is upon an equal foot, at least, with other arts or knowledges; and none of these, as yet mention'd, can be affirm'd to have an advantage over it, in regard of their usefulness. But that I may not seem to state this case with art, by dwelling on those things, that are confessedly of least use, I shall pass to those, that are acknowledg'd to be of the greatest; and these are what we call the learning of *humanity*, or books of wit, morality, good sense, and the like; the use these are of, the very best of them, and set in the most advantageous view, is, that they convey at once pleasure and instruction: Does not poetry instruct too, while it pleases? Does it not instruct much more powerfully, thro' its superior charm of pleasing? When a man of good understanding reads books of humanity, he meets with very little in them, that he did not know before; he is not, strictly, the wiser for the reading of them; all his profit, which is all his pleasure, is, that he sees his own natural sentiments supported sometimes by different reasonings, and the truths, he approv'd in his private judgment, authoriz'd by the judgment of others; he sees 'em plac'd, perhaps, in more clear, in more various, or in more beautiful lights: Does not poetry oblige him as much? Does it not give him the same profit and pleasure,

sure, and that in a livelier and more indirect way? Besides that, it impresses more strongly on the memory, whatever it inculcates, by the natural help of numbers: Moral writers recommend virtue, but poetry adorns it; the moralist gains his reader, to approve of it; the poet, to be in love with it; the one simply proposes truth and virtue to us; the other shews 'em in a flood of light, and enforces 'em, as it were, with the power of enchantment: Is it not, lastly, the privilege of poetry, that it mostly gives us truer ideas, and always more elegant ones of the thing in question, than any other sort of writing? Is there any thing, that so much polishes men's manners, or gives so fine an edge to their wit? Is it not this, which gives the strongest tincture of good nature to the heart? And does it not keep men in good humour with themselves, and guard 'em from that gloominess, which care and disappointment are apt to spread over the soul? There is a great variety of very fine and just encomiums on this art, scatter'd about in good authors; TULLY has compos'd a whole oration in defence and honour of it; and I might bring many other considerations for the strengthening what I have asserted in its favour; but what has been said is enough to make out, which is all I propos'd, that poetry has its usefulness, in an equal degree, at least, with other arts: It is, I confess, my LORD, of least use to those, who have the merit of it, and probably would be of none at all, did not providence in every age raise up men of your GRACE's godlike disposition, to be

be the protectors of it, and to keep it from languishing under discouragements. I had forgot, in this comparative view of poetry and other arts, to mention history, deservedly esteem'd the most agreeable as well as useful of them all; and it would be, perhaps, to want candour, and look too much like pedantry in one's own profession, if I did not allow, that history is more generally useful than poetry; but then it must be acknowledg'd on the other hand, that it is less delightful, and that its usefulness is often the same with that of poetry, which has something of the historical in its nature, and never shines more, than when it alludes to characters and things of past times: The difference is, the one relates facts in order; the other produces 'em only for the present occasion: The one relates them for their own sake; the other for the sake of something beyond it: Further, if the historian instructs by truly representing some circumstances or facts, the poet instructs as much by pleasingly feigning others: The historian profits us by placing in our view great characters, that were in real life; the poet, by displaying greater than ever were: To sum up the account, and state it honourably between 'em, the one and the other is extremely useful and pleasurable; they are both manifest helps to each other, reciprocally illustrating and illustrated; ancient history, especially, receives great lights from ancient poetry, and would be very imperfect without it; we may be very well acquainted with the

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state of past ages, by reading the historians, but shall know it still better, if we read the poets too. I have not mention'd one great distinguish'd use of poetry, because it is mention'd every where by poets themselves, viz. that it transmits more effectually than any thing, the good deeds of men to posterity; and this advantage it plainly enjoys even above history, and every other sort of writing; for there is, if I may be allow'd the hyperbole, something in it, when exquisitely finish'd, of an unperishable nature, that necessarily, as it were, escapes the ravage of time, and triumphs by its own force over all those wastes, its sister arts submit to, which owe to it, that the very names of those, who have excell'd in them, are preserv'd, after their labours are long consum'd; and if writings of another kind, as those of *Thucydides*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, obtain the same eternity, it is, because they strongly partake of the same excellency, and breathe that very poetical flame, if I may so call it, which will not yield to the common lot of other things.

I HAVE hitherto, my LORD, wholly confin'd myself, in these remarks, to poetry; and the tendency of them has led me, here and there, to touch upon some of the reasons, that have hindred, as I imagine, our making that progress in it, which might have been hop'd for from the natural felicity of our language, and of the turn of our people: I would now fain, if your GRACE will be so good as to humour my

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inclination, say a word or two concerning prose. In prose, my LORD, we have manifestly widen'd our foundation more than in poetry, and we have more good authors of this species; a thing not to be wonder'd at, as this sort of writing, prose, is a much easier acquisition than the other, and does not require the same energy of genius; besides, there are infinitely more men who are able to judge well of it, and it is generally of greater service to those, who employ their talents in it; but tho' we have advanc'd considerably in this circumstance of politeness, and are perhaps but little inferior to the *French* for neatness and perspicuity of stile, whatever our present merit is in prose writing, there yet seems, in my humble judgment, something further wanting to the perfection of it: A late very popular author, has, I own, carried the essay-turn of writing to a great height, and left behind him fine models of a terse and chaste diction; his defect, if he has any, seems to be, that he lies too much in *course* sentences, that do not run cleverly into one another, and are not so connected as to depend naturally enough together; the chain is sometimes wanting, and the full stop, or close of the period, returns too frequently upon us; which is the vice also of the *French* writers, or it is at least the opinion of the best critics of their nation, that their language has suffer'd in this particular, under its modern refinements, and that their ancient writers had, not only more of the vigorous and masculine, but were also freer and

more disengaged. The *English* author, I am speaking of, as he follow'd, or seem'd to follow very closely in the traces of *Fontenelle*, and to have much studied his manner, so did he succeed extremely well in it; however, he is not without his master's alloy, and there is besides, if I may be allowed to speak my impartial sense of the matter, something in his way, that I may call too *imitable*; that is, one easily sees thro' his art; one finds out the secret clue, by which he conducts himself: This admir'd person has lately been succeeded by some others, who have discover'd very good talents both for the manner of writing, and the true spirit of it; and if their labours have not had that high vogue, or been born forward with an amazing *torrent* of *success*, the reason is not, that they wanted merit, but that the humour of being pleas'd in this way, and the inclination, in general, towards such entertainments, has been long spent and exhausted. In reality, popularity, or loud fame, does, the least of all things, depend on true excellence, and is commonly attain'd without it; and when not, is owing almost always to somewhat foreign to it, as the temper and turn of the age a man writes in, or some particular juncture of affairs in it, his own complexion and quality, and a thousand other concurring incidents: Frequently it happens, that the greatest genius's do not meet the full recompence of honour, till after their death; and those, who have a sudden or violent run of it in their life-time, do as often out-live it: Poor old

old SETTLE, and I might name others, was lately a living example of this truth; he was formerly the mighty rival of DRYDEN, and for many years bore his reputation above him; what is he now? And how great is DRYDEN? After having said this with relation to, and for the sake of some amiable authors, my own contemporaries, I hope, I shall be forgiven, if I repeat, that it seems, something might still be added of advantage to prose writing, to unfetter it, as it were, and give it a more unconfin'd air, that it may run out into an easie extent, bounded, as nature is, with mountains and rivers, at just distances, but not interrupted with perpetual stops and breaks: The writer, that has made the most handsome openings towards this improvement of stile, is Mr. PHILIPS, whose prose-works, will, I am persuaded, now they are collected into volumes, grow daily more and more in the publick favour; the sound knowledge, there is in them, the unwonted accuracy of thought and expression, and that liberty of stile, I have been speaking of, cannot fail of gaining them the reputation, they deserve, with the thinking and unbiass'd part of mankind; and this praise I could not have refus'd him, on this subject, without manifest partiality, tho' I were unmindful of the kindness, he formerly did me, in recommending my writings to the world with so great weight and authority; nor could I, on the other hand, have paid this debt to the merit of this accomplish'd writer, more advantageously for him, than while

I am appealing, in the cause of literature, to a nobleman, known not only for his delicate taste of it, but for the largest heart in its support.

AMONG the various topics I have fallen into in these observations, there is nothing, I have so much endeavour'd to interest your GRACE in the truth of, as what I have said concerning the usefulness, in general, of rules in poetry, and the like: I might produce many authorities on this head, if authorities were, or ought to be, of any weight with men of sense; however, I think it not improper to name two; the first, who, I believe, will be reckon'd a very good one, is Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, and he, to the best of my remembrance, expressly says, that *rules never contributed in the least to the making a poet*: The other is, HORACE; the only one, I shall now quote among the poets, though both the *Greek* and *Latin* are full of the same sentiments; I have, my LORD, made some progress in the translation of a considerable and entire portion of this author's works, and the whole, I hope, might be attempted, not with ill success, if suitable encouragement could possibly be gain'd, or any recompence hop'd for so arduous and painful a labour: To return, HORACE has, even in his *ars poetica*, thrown out several things, which plainly shew, he thought, an art of poetry was of no sort of use, even while he was writing one; but what I have my eye upon at this time

time is, the third ode of his fourth book, and this I shall take leave to lay before your GRACE at large, and subjoin the translation of it, not as a specimen of the work I have in hand, but only to shew the enthusiastic notion this writer had of the efficacy of genius and nature in poetry, and how fruitless he judg'd all other aids to be without 'em.

Hor. ode 3. lib. 4.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,*

*Ilum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger*

*Curru ducet Achæico
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis*

*Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,*

*Ostendet Capitolio;
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,*

*Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem:*

*Romæ, principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles*

*Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.*

O testi-

*O testitudinis aureæ
Dulcem que strepitum, Pieri, temperas ;*

*O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cymæ, si libeat, sonum ;*

*Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium,*

*Romane fidicen lyre :
Quod Spiro, & placeo, si placeo, tuum est.*

THE commendation given by SCALIGER to this ode, is so extraordinary, that it is known almost to every body, viz. that he had rather have been the writer of it, than king of Arragon: Monsieur DACIER is not less sensible of its excellence, and adds to other encomiums of it, that there is nothing to be met with more finish'd either among the *Latin* or the *Greek* poets; it will not, I doubt, appear to the *English* reader to be of this merit from my version of it.

Hor. ode 3. lib. 4.

*Whom thou, o daughter chaste of Jove,
Didst, at his birth, with eyes of love*

*Behold ; in Isthmian games, nor be
Fam'd for the wrestler's wreath shall be ;*

Nor

*Nor his latest lineage grace,
By conquering in the chariot-race:*

*Nor him the toils, to warriors known,
The mighty boasts of kings o'erthrown,*

*In triumph through the gazing throng,
A laurell'd chief! shall lead along:*

*But fruitful Tibur's winding floods,
And the silent gloomy woods,*

*To render famous shall conspire,
For the poem of the lyre.*

*Imperial Rome, the nurse of fame,
Kindly does enroll my name*

*Among the poets' charming choir;
And envy now abates her ire.*

*Goddeſs, who the notes doſt ſwell
So ſweetly on my golden ſhell;*

*Who can'ſt give, if ſuch thy choice,
To fiſhes mute the Cygnet's voice;*

*'Tis to thee, I wholly owe,
Whiſpers flying where I go,*

*That to the paſſing throng I'm ſhow'd,
Th' inventor of the Roman ode!*

My

*My life and fame, if fame be mine,
O Goddess-muse, are gifts of thine.*

AFTER I have mention'd the *French* commentator on *HORACE*, I cannot, my LORD, forbear taking notice, in justice to his polite countrymen, that they have taken criticism out of pedantry, and made it a delightful part of learning by their elegant way of treating it; the genius and capacity they have shewn, thro' the whole extent of human knowledge, does, undoubtedly, deserve the acknowledgments of all men, particularly of the *English*, who have been so much indebted to them; and yet, I know not how, we can never give them a good word; we are always stealing from them, and always abusing them; like *Banditti*, we first plunder them of their wealth, and then do all we can to murder their reputation. To return, what the same *DACIER* further says of this ode is spoke extreme prettily, as it is also very just. *HORACE*, says he, in this poem, thanks the muses for the favourable or propitious eye, which they cast upon him in the hour of his nativity: he acknowledges, it was at that first instant of his being, that he received from them whatever distinguishes him; and by this acknowledgment he very evidently shews, he was persuaded, that no man can be a poet, unless he received at his birth from heaven, by some happy influence or impression, that spirit of poetry, which art and study can never give. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE,

above.

above-cited, takes a step yet further, and beyond what he has said of poetry, asserts concerning learning in the gross, that *the least grain of wit one is born with, is worth all the improvements one can make afterwards by study*, or to the same effect; this would be eminently true, apply'd to poetry; and tho' it ought perhaps to be receiv'd in a qualified sense, in regard of learning in general, yet it is certain, that a great part of what goes by that name consists in such things, as a wise man, to use SENECA's words, if he knew 'em, would labour to forget.

THERE is but one thing more, my LORD, that I shall hint at, before I conclude, and this I shall dispatch with the greater brevity, as it is not mentioned by me so much for the sake of the relation it has to poetry, as to oblige certain gentlemen, who seem to have a competent share of wit, and to think so themselves, and yet are very frank in professing they don't know what it is; 'tis possible, it may be so, and they may both think rightly and profess sincerely, as I once knew a great poet, highly valued by your GRACE, who yet could not speak on the subject of poetry with any address; he felt and possess'd within himself the power of it, and could, when he pleas'd, execute it with inimitable success, but he had not habited his mind to think of it in a rational or explicit way, nor gone, as far as may be done, into the philosophy of his art: As to *wit*, the reason

reason of all the puzzle and contention, that has been about it, and of the frivolous definitions that have been given of it is, that the word *wit*, in our language, like that other, *humour*, carries in it too vague and indefinite an idea, and is of too general a nature; neither the *French*, *Greek*, nor *Latin* tongues have any word, that precisely answers to it; the words in those tongues, that bear an affinity to it, are limited and particular, and therefore too plain to need to be defined: but notwithstanding this, one may venture, I think, without much hazard, to declare, that what commonly is received under the name of *wit*, and pleases as such, is no other than some uncommon thought or just observation, couch'd in images or allusions, which create a sudden surprize through their agreeableness, and the lustre with which they strike the imagination; that agreeableness mostly arises from the blending together different ideas, which naturally suit with and illustrate one another; and when this is done happily, it makes what we call *wit*; when it is done incongruously, 'tis something else. Now if the account I have here given of *wit*, be true, it may sometimes, far from proceeding from a superior understanding, be the effect of luck, or mere chance-work; or in other words, *wit* may come from very unwitty heads; since, where people think and talk at random, as persons of a vivacious fancy, with little judgment, commonly do, and where they ignorantly confound a multitude of different ideas, it is almost

most impossible, but that some of them should fall into that position or figure of thought and language, which may be *wit*, or not unlike it; it is even possible, that this may frequently happen, and when it does, those, who have the least *wit*, may be said to have the most: It is, however, in every one's experience, that a silly man does sometimes utter a witty thing; but then it is a witty thing only with respect to others; with respect to himself, it is no more than a lucky one; he had the good fortune to say something which he did not deserve to say: It is not true, as certain wise men imagine, that all *wits* are fools, but it is very true, that some fools are *wits*: AFRANIUS was of this sort of men; he never thought justly or consequentially on any subject; he could not go through the easiest chain of reasoning: and yet, by I know not what fortunate infatuation, he every now and then blundered into good things; what he said was sometimes witty, but much oftner absurd; so that, taken altogether, he got the name of a *wit*, and pass'd for such with the generality; but all thinking men knew him for what he truly was: The writings of several moderns have been much in the turn and character of AFRANIUS's ordinary discourse; so they had the luck to please for a time; but, like the children of fond parents, were too witty to live long.

By this time, I am sensible, tho', I know,
your GRACE delights in reading whatever is
E in

in the finer cast of speculation, that I have extended myself beyond the bounds, indulg'd to addressees of this nature, and beyond, perhaps, the patience of any one, who has the opportunities of varying his pleasures with that agreeableness and beauty, which your rank and turn of mind, my LORD, enable you to do: this was not in my first intention, but my argument, and the matter of it, grew insensibly upon me, as I wrote, and swell'd gradually to a length I was not aware of; however, your GRACE is at length come within sight of land; all that remains, is to add a word or two more to what has already been slightly spoken, concerning the following poems themselves; the first, and most considerable of them, entitled, a *Love-Tale*, and which was originally publish'd, together with some others, in the *Free-Thinker*, was form'd upon an idea, that OVID's manner, in general, would furnish out a more beautiful model of writing, than had yet been practis'd among us, provided it could be so chastened, as to retain only the wit and turn of that author, without his puerilities, indelicacy of language, and other vices. These vices, my LORD, I cannot more luckily describe than in the words of QUINTILIAN, where he is giving the character of an old Greek poet; he might as truly have given it of his own countryman; *Ac si tenuisset modum*, he goes on speaking of STESICHORUS, *Videtur emulatur proximus HOMERUM potuisse, sed redundat atque effunditur*,

*sanctum, quod ut est reprehendendum, ita copia
vitiū est;* that is, had he but known, when
he had said enough, he might, I think, have
come the nearest of any man towards a rival-
ship with HOMER, but he has too great a
redundancy, and dwells too long on the same
thing, which tho' it must be acknowledged to
be a fault, is yet a fault arising from ferti-
lity of imagination. This was OVID's great
defect; his stile of verse is, otherwise, won-
derfully pleasing, and would not fail to shine
in the hands of a writer, turn'd happily by
nature for it, as he was, with more judgment
and purity: The *Love-Tale*, among others,
was designed after this idea; and, as it is
the first, in order, in this collection, so is it
my first attempt in poetry, of those which I
now give the publick, if I except only a short
copy of verses, address'd to your GRACE,
and one more, call'd *Apple-Pie*, written, while
I was at school or very soon after, and which
is not inserted here out of any fondness for that
trivial sort of poetry, but merely because it had
the fortune to be liked, and has by mistake
been attributed to another person; a piece of
good luck I never much envied him: All the
rest, like this *Tale* of LAVENIA, both those
before publish'd, and those new to the reader,
have been the productions of a few days out-
of a very few years last past: I did not there-
fore think it necessary, in the printing them, to
have any regard to the order of time, in which
they were written, but sent them to the press,

(lij)

as they fell into my hands from among my papers, and as I could get them out of the works of authors, that had publish'd them for me: Such as they are, I humbly beg your GRACE's kind acceptance of them, and that you will please to continue to regard me with the same favour and goodness, you have graciously express'd towards me on all occasions.

I am,

With the most profound respect,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

Leonard Welsted.





ACON and LAVINIA.

A Love-Tale.

AMONG the nymphs, who random conquests boast,
Lavinia spreads the careless triumph
 most :

Flush'd with immortal bloom, where'er she moves,
 All eyes adore, and each beholder loves:
 Free from concern she seems, while crowds admire:
 And with unconscious beauty wakes desire:
 Unrivall'd in the heedless art to please,
 Pain to all hearts she gives, her own at ease.

THE crowd of females shine in gay brocades;
 And half their charms are lost in lights and shades:
 Hid in the rich embarrasements of art,
 A nymph is of herself the smallest part:
Lavinia nor with diamond stars is drest,
 Nor rubies bleed in crosslets on her breast:

The *Persian* loom and glittering tissue scorn'd,
 She boasts more envied graces, unadorn'd :
 No aid from cost she needs; for nature's care
 With a free hand indulg'd her to be fair.

Her glossy tresses wear the golden hue ;
 The lustre ! which in sunny rays we view :
 Her rosy cheek a genuine vermeil dyes :
 And a bright blue the fluid in her eyes !
 Behold her bosom, an expanded white,
 Opening at large ! the prospect of delight !
 The finish'd figure, not retouch'd by art,
 Imprints a lasting image on the heart.

THIS matchless nymph, e'er nature's genial fire
 Warm'd her unripen'd bosom to desire,
 By virgin legends to disjoin betray'd,
 Had vow'd to live, and vow'd to die a maid :
 From man and *Hymen's* dreaded rites she flew,
 A rebel to the joys she never knew ;
 Resolv'd her sex's fortune not to share,
 And shun alike the folly and the care :
 Fond of sequestred scenes, from noise remov'd,
 The shady wood and limpid stream she lov'd ;
 Oft seen a huntress in the shady wood,
 And often bathing in the limpid flood :



Now,

A Love-Tale.

3

Now, with the morn she chased the flying fawns;
Thro' the green meadows, and the shrubby lawns;
Now, lost in thought, and pleas'd alone to stray,
Thro' silent shades she marks her pathless way:
But while thro' nature's works she joys to rove,
She never thinks of nature's parent, love.

THE scene, that bless'd *Lavinia's* leisure, smil'd
With hills, and vales, and woods, a blooming wild:
She shunn'd the sultry ray in *Jassmyn* bowers;
She trod on carpets of sweet-smelling flowers;
Where'er she turns, luxuriant landscips rise,
And still she breathes in aromatick skies,
For with the day spontaneous sweets are born,
And shed the fragrant freshness of the morn:
Ecchoes and rude cascades are heard around,
While with soft murmurs, thro' th'enchanted ground,
A winding riv'let shapes its silver flow,
And shows a shining bed of sands below:
Wide-branching trees are rang'd on either side,
The branching shadows tremble in the tide.

THIS chaste recess, this unfrequented shade,
By day for nymphs, by night for fairies made,
Lavinia's hours, devoid of care, employs,
And sooths her soul with fond romantick joys:

ON

4 *Acon and Lavinia.*

Oft in the silver stream herself she views;
And often pleas'd, her likeness oft renews;
There, grace in dress she learn'd, in motion ease;
And practis'd, tho' she knew not why, to please:
Now, some poetick tale her mind relieves;
And now she baths; and now the garland weaves
A thousand follies, to amuse, she tries;
A thousand different ways from love she flies;
But all her thousand follies fruitless prove,
And all the arts, she tries, are snares of love.

A youthful suitor, *Acon* was his name,
Tho' hopeless to approve his faithful flame,
Languish'd her beauties naked to explore,
And still the more he saw, he languish'd more.
Within a secret grotte, clandestine laid,
Oft when she bath'd, he view'd the heavenly maid:
His piercing eye ran quick o'er every part,
And took in all *Lavinia*, but her heart:
As painters master-works, he scans her o'er,
And dwells on beauties unobserv'd before;
And spies out graces, thro' her faultless frame,
So cast in shades, so nice, they want a name.

Of all, who strove *Lavinia*'s heart to gain,
She heard with least reluctance *Acon*'s pain;

A Love-Tale.

Not proud to scorn, nor kind to ease his fate;
Averse to love, but wanting power to hate;
His growing virtues lavish to commend,
She wish'd those virtues in a female friend;
All she could give, she gave; and strove to show,
She was not *Acon's*, but his passion's foe.

ONCE on a day, a most auspicious day!
While in his grotte the longing lover lay,
She came, her wonted hour, to bath undrest;
Misdeeming nought, she loos'd her flowing vest;
Her vest by wanton winds was wav'd aside,
And only fann'd the limbs, it us'd to hide:
The needless covering, now, a-part she threw,
And gave her spotless form entire to view:
A blaze of charms, unveil'd, the vestal shows,
And beauties in a bright assemblage rose:
A while, her watry picture she survey'd,
Pleas'd with the fair creation which she made;
Then, stepping in, defac'd the rival shade:
Confiding to the stream, around her throng
The liquid waves, and bear the nymph along;
Her pliant limbs the liquid waves divide,
And shine, like polish'd marble, thro' the tide;
As lillies, clos'd in chrystal, court the sight
With a new lustre, and a purer white.

AND

AND now her sportive exercise is o'er :
 Cool from the stream she seeks the flowery shore ;
 Stretch'd on the tender herb, with cowslips spread,
 Her ivory arm supports her bending head ;
 And now soft sleep her softer soul disarms,
 And triumphs o'er her unmisgiving charms :
 Half naked, cover'd half, supine she lay,
 In sight of *Acon*, and the face of day :
 How should th' impatient youth an object bear,
 Distracting sight ! so opportunely fair !
 Forth from the grotto he springs, resolv'd to prove
 The lucky hour, if such there be in love ;
 Resolv'd, howe'er, his certain fate to try ;
 To live belov'd, or by her scorn to die.

HER nearer beauties give him new surprize :
 He views her all at large, except her eyes ;
 Her eyes alone the power of sleep withdrew ;
 He view'd her lips ; but could not only view ;
 He gently stoop'd, and fearful of the bliss,
 Ravish'd with doubtful joy a hasty kiss :
 The virgin started, and back sprung the twain,
 With fear half-dying, but his fear was vain ;
 For 'twas not the kind kiss, that made her start ;
 'Twas not the kiss, that trembled from her heart.

A Love-Tale.

7

THE slighted god of love, who long addrest
His shafts in vain against *Lavinia's* breast,
Had sent a dream, her fancy to dismay,
While fetter'd in the chain of sleep she lay:
Before her stands the image of a rape,
And shows the ravisher in *Acon's* shape;
The strong delusion paints th' enamour'd boy,
Eager to seize, and rushing to his joy;
She shudders at the crime, and fain would fly;
Her feet seem fastened, and the flight deny:
Now, his fierce grasp she struggles to elude,
Now, breathless lies, and seems to love subdu'd:
The phantom with such energy deceiv'd,
Her colour varied, and her bosom heav'd,
And broken sighs, and troubled murmurs rose,
No dubious tokens of her fancied woes.

Acon perceiv'd the tumult of her mind,
And what the dream suggested, half divin'd:
What could he do to strengthen the deceit,
And to her waking heart her fears repeat?
Led by his happy guess, and from despair
Grown cunning to contrive, and apt to dare;
His vestments loose he threw, and aim'd to seem
Some lustful god, fresh-rising from the stream:
Panting and new from flushing joys he show'd,
And with dissembled heat his features glow'd:

The

Th' event may happy or unhappy prove,
 Precipitate her hate, or speed his love:
 Then boldly let him give his fancy scope:
 He needs not fear, who is depriv'd of hope.

Now from the virgin's eyes the slumber fell,
 And love aveng'd dissolves the drowsy spell:
 Her lover seen, she sickens at the sight,
 And her pale cheeks confess a wild affright:
 She shuns his look, her eyes in doubtful tears;
 Her eyes see only to confirm her fears;
 Her posture, and her dress, the place, the youth,
 Assist the fraud, and give it force like truth:
 Sunk in confusion, and oppress'd with shame,
 She now no longer doubts her injur'd fame:
 On rage at first her frantic thoughts are bent,
 But soon, alas! her idle rage is spent:
 She pines, she droops, desponding of relief,
 And all her passions soften into grief:
 Speechless awhile, with downcast looks she lies,
 The silent anguish streaming from her eyes:
 At length her head the afflicted nymph uprears,
 And adds these moving accents to her tears.

If wrongs are doom'd, for crimes unknown, to me;
 Yet how do I deserve those wrongs from thee?
 Go, base pretender to a lover's name,
 False to thy vows, and traitor to thy flame! In.

A Love-Tale.

9

Inhuman youth, my ravish'd fame restore :
But ravish'd fame, alas ! returns no more.
Ye heavens, if innocence deserves your care,
Why have you made it fatal to be fair ?
Base man the ruin of our sex is born :
The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn :
Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

THE Cyprian queen, who gives in love success,
And guides the lucky seasons of address,
Beheld with pitying eyes *Lavinia's* grief,
And by a power divine apply'd relief :
In that bless'd hour she taught her fav'rite swain
The frightful vision kindly to explain,
And gave him skill to plead a lover's pain :
The long perplexed delusion first he clear'd,
And freed her mind from half the ills she fear'd ;
Then spoke his passion with such tender art,
The melting inspiration touch'd her heart ;
The thoughts, that did before her terror move,
Are reasons now to sway her soul to love.

NOW, *Acon*, the coy nymph is wholly thine :
Nor will her fame permit her to decline
His suit, who saw her, with familiar eyes,
Asleep, and only cover'd with the skies :

10 *ACON and LAVINIA.*

The happy youth saw, thro' her guiltless shame,
The first-born blushes of an infant flame;
The sweet confusion of her face he view'd,
Her gentle looks, and soft solicitude:
With welcome force he met her yielding charms,
And press'd the faint resister in his arms.

THE vanquish'd maid soon rose a sparkling wife;
Rose to new joys, and unexperienc'd life:
Brib'd with the pleasures of her faultless love,
She quits the limpid stream and shady grove,
On the wild taste of virgin bliss refines,
And in the bright assembly brightest shines.



THE



THE
GENIUS.

AN
ODE, written in 1717, on
occasion of the DUKE of
MARLBRO'S Apoplexy.

AWFUL Hero, MARLBRO, rise:
Sleepy charms I come to break:

Hither turn thy languid eyes:

Lo! thy genius calls; awake!

II.

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story;

'Tis a short, but crowded span,

Full of triumphs, full of glory.

III.

One by one thy deeds review ;
 Sieges, battles thick appear ;
 Former wonders, lost in new,
 Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is *Blenheim's* crimson field,
 Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
 Here retiring squadrons yield,
 And a bloodless wreath is gain'd !

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind,
 All the wonders thou hast wrought,
 Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
 Be the subject of thy thought !

VI.

Rest thee here, while life may last :
 Th' utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
 Is to trace his actions past,
 And to own 'em great and good.

VII.

The GENTUS.

DE

VII.

But 'tis gone ——— O mortal born !
Swift the fading scenes remove ———
Let 'em pass with noble scorn,
Thine are worlds, which roll above.

VIII.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men, who acted wondrous things,
Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremost, in the patriot-band,
Shining with distinguish'd day,
See, thy friend, GODOLPHIN stands !
See ! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thought explore :
Wishing, panting for thy flight !
Half an angel ; man no more.





TO THE
Countess of **WARWICK,**

ON HER
MARRIAGE with Mr. ADDISON.

AMBITION long has woman's heart betray'd,
And tinsel grandeur caught th' unwary maid;
The pompous stiles, that strike th' admiring throng,
Have glitter'd in the eye of beauty long:
You, Madam, first the female taste improve,
And give your fellow-charmers laws for love;
A pomp you covet, not to heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own;
Part in a man immortal greatly claim;
And frown on titles, to ally with fame:
Not EDWARD's star, emboss'd with silver rays,
Can vie in glory with thy consort's bays;
His country's pride does homage to thy charms,
And every merit crowds into thy arms.

W H I L E

Marriage with Mr. Addison. 15

WHILE others gain light conquests by their eyes,
'Tis thine with wisdom to subdue the wife :
To their soft chains while courtly beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in triumph captive wit :
Her sighing vassals let CLARINDA boast,
Of lace and languishing cockades the toast ;
In beauty's pride unenvied let her reign,
And share that wanton empire with the vain.
For thee, the arts of Greece and Rome combine ;
And all the glories, CATO gain'd, are thine ;
Still WARWICK in thy boasted rank of life,
But more illustrious, than when WARWICK's wife,

COME forth, reveal thyself, thou chosen bride,
And shew great NASSAU's poet by thy side ;
Thy bright example shall instruct the fair,
And future nymphs shall make renown their care ;
Embroid'ry less shall charm the virgin's eye,
And kind coquets, for plumes, less frequent die :
Secure shall beauty reign, the muse its guard ;
The muse shall triumph, beauty its reward.





THE FIRST

E L E G Y

O F

T I B U L L U S.

LET others wealth amass in heaps of gold;
 And many acres plough'd with pride behold;
 Disturb'd amidst their daily toil with fears,
 Oft' as the trumpet sounds, or foe appears:
 The dire alarm repeated, still denies
 Peace to their mind, and slumber to their eyes:
 An humbler life less painful I require,
 While in my parlour shines a nightly fire;
 Unblighted while my promis'd harvest grows,
 And with the racy grape my vat o'erflows:
 Of my own farm the husbandman I'll be,
 And prune the vine, and plant the apple-tree;

Nor

The first ELEGY &c.

17

Nor will I scorn the rustick fork to wield,
Or goad the heifer o'er the furrow'd field;
Or in my arms to bear the bleating lamb,
Or kid forsaken of its heedless dam.

WITH due lustrations thro' my flock I go,
And yearly does my milk to *Pales* flow;
And if a land-mark deck'd with flow'rs I see,
I worship tow'ards the sacred stone or tree:
Of every orchard fruit the year bestows,
The choice an offering to *Vertumnus* grows:
O *Ceres*, yellow goddess of the corn!
Thy porch my wheaten garland shall adorn:
Thou, ruddy god, thy sickle shalt display,
To guard my fruit, and fright the birds away:
Nor you invoke I with an empty hand,
Ye gods, once guardians of a spreading land,
A heifer, then, for a vast herd I slew,
But now a victim lamb is scarcely due:
A lamb I vow, the village youth shall join,
And cry aloud, O bless the corn and wine!
Tho' small, attend, ye powers, my sacrifice,
Nor vessels fashion'd out of clay despise;
While yet the world was of an early date,
The purest clay was molded into plate:
Spare my poor flock, ye men and beasts of prey,
And let the crowded folds your tribute pay.

I ASK

I ASK ye not those harvests to restore,
 Which to their barns my rich forefathers bore :
 A sparing crop will all my wants supply,
 If stretch'd at ease on my own couch I lie :
 How sweet to hear the winds at midnight blow,
 While round my love my tender arms I throw ;
 Or when assant the wintry tempests sweep,
 Lull'd by the beating rain, secure to sleep !
 This be my lot : let riches be their share,
 Who cold and wet and stormy seas can bear ;
 For I, averse to journey by the wind,
 Can plenty in a little income find :
 On the cool margin of a murmur'ing stream,
 Shaded by trees, I shun the sultry beam :
 Oh ! rather let the earth her treasures keep,
 Than any virgin should my absence weep !

Do you, *Messala*, seek out warlike toils
 By land and sea, and grace your house with spoils ;
 While I unactive wear some beauty's chain,
 And watching at her door whole nights complain :
 Inglorious be my life, and lost to praise ;
 So I with thee, my *Delia*, count my days :
 With thee, my *Delia*, I the plow cou'd speed ;
 Or sleep upon a lonely mountain feed ;

And, while with soft embrace I fold thee round,
Indulge my slumbers on the barren ground;
In vain alas! are beds of *Tyrian* dye,
If hopeless in our loves we waking lie;
For then in down and silk, no sleep we find,
Nor the soft fall of water lulls the mind.

How rugged and how void of sense was he,
Who cou'd, to follow camps, abandon thee!
Let him pursue *Cilicia's* routed bands,
And pitch his tents amidst their conquer'd lands;
In gold and silver, ornaments of pride,
Conspicuous thro' the cohorts let him ride:
Thee feebly grasping, *Delia*, let me die,
And view thy beauties with my closing eye;
Then shalt thou weep, then kisses mix with tears,
When on the kindling pile my corps appears:
Sure thou wilt weep and tender sorrows feel;
Nor flint thy heart, nor is thy breast of steel.
The youth, the virgins all shall grace my urn,
With moisten'd eyes, and weeping home return:
Disturb not thou, my shade; o *Delia*, spare
Thy lovely cheeks and thy dishevell'd hair.

WHILE fate permits, let us our lives enjoy;
Darkness and death will soon our hopes destroy:

Soon

The first ELEGY.

Soon will age come ; our love will then be sped,
Nor dalliances become the hoary head :

Now, *Venus*, is thy time, when bolts and bars,
I bravely force, nor dread fond midnight jars ;
Skill'd in those wars, deaf to the trumpet's call,
Let wounds and wealth to the vain-glorious fall :

Safe in my little fortunes I retire ;
No want I fear, nor opulence desire,





T H E
P I C T U R E
O F A

Fine A P R I L Morning.

T H E snows are melted, and the frosts are past ;
Nor do we longer dread the wintery blast :
What garland shall *Aminor* now design ?
What wreath, *Zelinda*, round thy temples twine ?

T H E dawning year revives the poet's fire ;
Soft strains of love returning suns inspire :
In every wood, behold, in every glade,
Th' unsully'd verdure, and the growing shade !
All nature, like a bride, emerges bright ;
And her lap teems, luxuriant with delight.

O' E R tepid plains the tempering zephyrs pass,
Call forth the bursting leaves, and spring the grass :
Afresh the painted *Pansy* rears its head ;
The whitened meadow starry *daisies* spread :

The birds sweet-warble from the sappy boughs ;
And swains in tuneful sighs renew their vows.

INSPIRE, o blooming maid, my artless lay,
While I recall our first auspicious day ;
The dawn ! my fair, when early I address
My tender suit, and sigh'd upon thy breast !
Zelinda blush'd : a blush the morning wore.
Zelinda smil'd : nor was it day before.
The sun a radiant lustre holds a while ;
The image of *Zelinda's* gleamy smile :
A feeble shine does on the water play,
And disappear by turns ; a fickle ray.
Zelinda wept : when soon the changing skies
Grow black with gathering clouds, that westward
rise :

Thin-scatter'd now the drops, like gems, descend :
Now with the frequent shower the lillies bend :
How calm the air ! a pleasing stillness reigns ;
And the moist verdure brightens through the plains :
Soft-sinking falls the silver rain : when lo !
Athwart the horizon stretch'd the watry bow
Swells its proud arch, with braided colours gay,
That interchange their dyes, and swift decay.
The clouds disperse : the sun pursues on high
His vaulted course, and glows along the sky :

Fine APRIL Morning.

23

The *linnets* in the dewy bushes sing;
And every field is redolent of spring.

SUCH was the morn, *Zelinda*; may it prove
A happy emblem of *Amintor's* love!
Begun by smiling hopes, but soon o'ercast!
Our jealous fears, like clouds, dispers'd at last.
Pensive I hung my head, like drooping flowers:
And tears my bosom dew'd, like gentle showers:
But soon with settled joys my soul is blest;
Thy face, my heaven, in lasting smiles is drest.
Let fond distrust no more past pains renew:
While thou art kind, *Amintor* will be true.





T O

Z E L I N D A.

C E A S E, *Zelinda*, to complain :
Ease thy breast of ev'ry pain.

Sooner shall the mother find
Hatred vex her tender mind,
When she views her first-born child ;
Than *Amintor*, once beguil'd,
Fly from thine to *Celia's* arms,
Or delight in vulgar charms.

CALL to mind the furtive hour,
And the love-sequester'd bow'r,
Arch'd with fragrant orange-boughs !
Call to mind our plighted vows !
All the spring, the joys of *May*,
Smil'd on that auspicious day :
Winds the branches gently sway'd ;
And the sun-beams, thro' the shade,
Glanc'd, in gleams of golden light :
Rob'd wer't thou in virgin white :

Rosy

To ZELINDA.

25

Rosy shame thy cheeks o'er-spread,
And thy olive flush'd with red;
Blushes only, wak'd by love,
Could thy olive bloom improve.

ON thy lips, with moisture strow'd,
Oh, my life! carnations blow'd:
Swelling, melting, breathing sweet;
Oh, those lips I long to meet!
To my darling blifs I sprung;
On thy ruddy lips I hung:
O'er thy spreading chest I stray'd;
In thy joyous bosom play'd:
From thy neck, where lillies rise,
Often pass'd, to kifs thy eyes:
From thy eyes again I go
To thy neck, where lillies grow.

BEAUTY still for beauty changed;
Over all thy charms I ranged:
Nor thy forehead, pearly white,
Nor the bow, that shades thy sight,
Nor thy veiny marble wrist,
Nor thy hand remain'd unkifs'd.

O, MY fair, my doating heart
From thy image cannot part:

G 3

Think

Think thy jealous love to blame;
 Absence but revives my flame;
 Unimprov'd no moment fleets;
 Still thy form my fancy meets;
 All I do, and all I say,
 Shews my faith, and proves thy sway.

If my eye does, curious, pass
 O'er immortal paint or brass;
 Some resembling grace I find,
 Which presents thee to my mind.
 If I read in his sweet strain,
 Whom the muse surnam'd *the swain*,
 How the nymph, of birth divine,
 Did in lonely forests shine;
 Ravish'd, still I think on thee,
 And thy bloom in *Thule* see.
 Fond remembrance still, anew,
 Brings the blissful bow'r to view;
 Where unenvy'd, where unseen,
 I, methinks, possess my queen.





A

S O N G.

I.

WHILE in the bower, with beauty blest,
The lov'd *Aminor* lies ;
While sinking on *Zelinda's* breast,
He fondly kiss'd her eyes ;

II.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
And warbled thro' the glade.

III.

Melodious songstresses, cry'd the swain,
To shades less happy go ;
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

IV. While

IV.

While in ZELINDA's arms I lie,
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

V.

ZELINDA gives me perfect joys :
Then cease thy fond intrusion ,
Be silent ; music now is noise,
Variety confusion.





T H E

INVITATION.

FREEMAN, I treat to-night; and treat your friends :

If, happily, from care your thought unbends ;

If **LUCY** rules not with her jealous-sway ;

I shall expect you at the close of day.

I **GIVE** you the rough wholesome grape, that grows
In *Tuscan* vales, or where the *Tagus* flows ;

Or, if the *Gallick* vine delight you more,

Of *Hermitage* I boast a slender store.

This is my wealth : if you have better wine,

Make me your guest ; if not, I claim you mine.

ALREADY is my little side-board graced ;

The glasses marshall'd ; the decanters placed :

The room is cool ; the summer-hearth is gay

With greens and flowers, th' exub'rance of the *May*.

Indulge the bliss this chearful season brings ;

Omit minuter hopes, and joyless things ;

Let

Let fame and riches wait: This happy morn,
 With *Brunswick*, peace and liberty were born!
 'Tis fit, my friend, we consecrate to mirth
 The day, which gave th' illustrious monarch birth:
 When the sun sets, we'll break into delight,
 And give to gay festivity the night.

OF what avail is fortune unenjoy'd?
 Or what is life, in anxious hours employ'd?
 Let the dull miser pine with niggard care,
 And brood o'er gold, devoted to his heir:
 While we in honest mirth send time away,
 Regardless what severer sages say.
 In chearful minds unbidden joys arise,
 And well-tim'd levities become the wise.

WHAT virtue does not generous wine impart?
 It gives a winning frankness to the heart;
 With sprightly hope the drooping spirits arms;
 Awakens love, and brightens beauty's charms;
 High, florid thoughts th' inspiring juices breed;
 Spleen they dispel, and clear the brow of need.

EXPECT superfluous splendor from the great,
 Ragousts, and costly follies serv'd in plate;
 And ortelans, from distant regions brought.
 In foreign arts of luxury untaught,

I give

The INVITATION.

31

I give you only lamb from *Uxbridge* fields :
And add the choicest herb, the garden yields ;
Silesian lettuce, with soft *Lucca* oil,
Delicious blessings, of a different soil !

NONE do our band of fellowship compose,
But know the chasteness of the banquet-rose.
BELMOUR is ours ; LOVELESS, with humour stor'd ;
And careless FLORIO, if he keeps his word.
I should exceed your rule, were more allow'd :
There's less of mirth, than tumult, in a crowd.

REMEMBER, time passes on with subtle haste :
Now, as I write, the number'd minutes waste.
Then, FREEMAN, let us seize the present hour,
And husband the swift moments in our pow'r.
Good-humour bring along, and banish care :
You know your friends ; you know your bill of fare.



A N



A N

EPISTLE

T O

His G R A C E the

Duke of Chandos.

WHILE over arts unrivall'd you preside,
 And to renown the rising genius guide;
 While merit from obscurity you raise,
 And call forth modest virtue into praise;
 Vouchsafe, my lord, this suppliant verse to read,
 And aid the muses in their time of need:
 No brow with sacred ivie now is crown'd;
 No AMARYLLIS do the woods resound;
 The hero, now the harp in silence lies,
 Lives scarcely known, and undistinguish'd dies.

T H E N,

THEN, CHANDOS, take the muses to thy care;
 Their ruined temples, O! do thou repair;
 Their antient honours let thy power restore,
 And bid them mourn their HALIFAX no more.
 A race of happy years does heaven ordain,
 And gives th' assurance of a peaceful reign;
 If you vouchsafe to lend the timely aid,
 Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* shall *Britain's* sons upbraid;
 The sunny climes, that boast a kindlier soil,
 With hills of wine enriched, and groves of oil,
 To us in arts shall yield, to us in song,
 And distant nations prize the *British* tongue.

THE growth of learning, like the growth of trees,
 Thrives unobserved, and springs by slow degrees
 Like the famed *English* oak, her head she rears,
 And gains perfection thro' a length of years;
 The first essays in verse were rudely writ,
 The numbers rough, and unchastized the wit:
 Thus, BRIDGES, in thy great forefathers' times,
 Harsh was our language, and untuned our rhimes;
 Great SPENCER first, in blest ELIZA's days,
 Smoothed our old metre, and refined our lays;
 Next manly MILTON, prince of poets, came,
 And to our numbers added HOMER's flame;

H

Since

Since when, in verse few wonders have been
wrought,
And our smooth cadence flows devoid of thought.

No more neglected shall the lyre remain;
Thou, CHANDOS, shalt improve its heavenly
strain:

Thy smiles already in the dawn I see,
And *England* many POLLIOS boasts in thee;
To every art thy generous cares extend,
But, chiefly, shalt thou be the poet's friend.
Th' approaching times my raptured thought en-
gage;

I see arise a new *Augustean* age:
Here, stretch'd at ease, beneath the beechen boughs,
The *Sylvan* poet sings his faithful vows;
Others, retiring from the vulgar throng,
At leisure meditate an epic song;
Or chuse the worthies of a former age,
With all their pomp of grief to fill the stage;
While, here, historians BAUNSWIC's praise sustain,
Record his deeds, and lengthen out his reign.

IN different ages different countries view,
And thro' its various periods time pursue;

In every age, which generous spirits bore,
The muse was cherished, and had strength to soar;
Disturbed by civil tumult, she withdrew
From cities far, and lay concealed from view :
So the bright *Passion-flower*, in sun-shine days,
Its varied colours to the light displays;
But, when the blackning sky pours down a storm,
Close-folds its leaves, and hides its radiant form;
Nor can the careful florist then behold
Its purple lustre, and its beams of gold.

WITHOUT renown shall be the patriot's toils;
Th' exploits of beauty, and the victor's spoils
Without their praise; except a deathless song
Their glories to a future date prolong:
Not *Helen* only, fatal in her charms,
Drew gods and heroes to the strife of arms;
Distracting beauties earlier ages bore,
And love embroiled whole empires long before;
Nor did the *Grecian Teucer* only know
To lance the spear, and bend the *Cretan* bow;
And many warriors many trophies won,
E're yet *Achilles* conquer'd *Priam's* son :
But, wanting poets, all, one fate they share,
Alike forgot, the valiant and the fair.

WITH antient worthies, CHANDOS shalt thou
live

In verse, if I a living verse can give :

To thee, betimes, I consecrate my muse,

For thee the fairest laurels do I chuse ;

Employ my thoughts to grace thy fav'rite name,

And strive thy bounty to repay with fame.





*The Nineteenth O D E of the First
Book of Horace, Translated.*

THE *queen*, who gives soft wishes birth,
The *youthful god* of wine and mirth,

And wanton, libertine *desire*,

My mind afresh with love inspire.

Bright *Glycera* revives the smart;

Revives the flame within my heart :

The polish of her neck out-shines

The marble born in *Parian* mines :

Her girlish wantonness has charms ;

Her froward play the heart alarms :

Doating on her face, I die ;

A face ! too dazzling to the eye.

All *Venus* rages in my breast,

And leaves her *Cyprian* groves unblest :

Nor will she suffer me to write

Of hardy *Scythians* put to flight,

Or deaths from *Parthian* quivers sent,

Or things to love not pertinent.

38 *The Nineteenth ODE, &c.*

Here, boy, to cruel *Venus*, here
Of living turf an altar rear :
Sweet herbs, and frankincense bestow,
And let the winy offering flow :
These rites the goddess will appease,
And give my frantick bosom ease.





O D E

T O T H E

Earl of *C A D O G A N*.

WHILE careful crowds your levees wait,
 The pomp and anguish of the great;
 Accept this verse, illustrious chief,
 From business no undue relief.

THY aid, tho' *GEORGE*'s counsels claim,
 In arms confest the second name;
 Tho' *Holland* does thy charge attend,
 By antient leagues our country's friend:
 Yet to the muses dost thou spare
 The few soft moments, won from care;
 And hours, to friendship set apart,
 Relieve thy frank good-natur'd heart,

T H O S E

THOSE hours, my lord, those moments prize,
 Known only to the learn'd and wise;
 On damask seats at ease reclin'd,
 Thy brow with laurel-garlands bind;
 Stain the bright chrystal with the dye
 Of grapes, *Hungarian* hills supply;
 Let pbesie thy feasts refine;
 Let musick raise the joys of wine;
 Thy pleasing care let picture be;
Rubens and *Urbino* wrought for thee:
 Behold the rock, by *Michael's* aid,
 Soft breathing in a blooming maid!
 See warriors, that on canvass groan,
 And fights, that emulate thy own!

LIVE, as thou'rt wont; with free address,
 And open heart, thy friend caress;
 Thy elegance and taste display,
 And close with smiles a solemn day.

IN his fond heart, in vain, does man,
 Short-liv'd, a thousand systems plan;
 In vain, in mighty perils bold,
 He ransacks earth and seas for gold,
 Deaf to the laws, impos'd by fate
 On human nature, soon or late.

WHETHER a mean ignoble birth
 We own, allied to common earth;
 Or a long lineage proudly trace,
 Th' *Emilian* or *Cadogan* race,
 Alike ordain'd we are to go
 To the dark seats of rest below :
 The rich and poor one grave shall find ;
 The rich shall leave their pomp behind,
 The spacious domes, the lands, the groves,
 The gay parterres, the proud *alcoves*,
 The *vistas*, in the skies that end,
 The fondling wife, the bosom friend.

WHAT folly then to toil out life,
 Sustain'd with anguish, pain, and strife !
 Our thoughts in search of gold, employ'd,
 Or never gain'd, or not enjoy'd !
 Our spirits broke with restless care !
 Let vulgar souls such evils bear :
 But thou, great captain, mindful be
 Of unrelenting fate's decree ;
 Seize, as it flies, the posting hour ;
 Crop, now, the swiftly-fading flower ;
 Enjoy, each irksome care forgot,
 Thy fame ; enjoy thy splendid lot.

THUS

THUS *Scipio*, prosperous and renown'd,
 Proud *Carthage* smoking on the ground,
 In learned banquets deign'd to shine,
 While wit improv'd the *Formian* vine,
 Reliev'd stern cares with soft delights,
 And *Roman* days with *Attic* nights.





A N
EPISTLE

TO THE

Late Dr. GARTH,

Occasion'd by the DEATH of the

Duke of *Marlborough*.

FROM the fair banks of *Thame* this verse I send,
To those blest realms, that late receiv'd my
friend;

Where vernal seasons smile without decay,

And purple skies indulge a purer day:

Nor shall the verse, (if, haply, care invades,

For human things, the conscious learned shades,)

Ungrateful be: in thee, when young, I found

The prop and sanction of a name renown'd;

Yet rude to art, and while in life untry'd,

Thy precepts form'd, thy vertue was my guide.

IN

IN different orbs, what different hopes we wear!
 How chang'd our passions, and revers'd our care!
 When to the shades the great and good are born,
 The shades rejoice, the while the living mourn;
 While we repine on earth for MARLBRO's fate,
Elysium triumphs in a guest so great:
 A greater, GARTH, ne'er reach'd those realms
 before!

O hail him to the bright unclouded shore;
 Hail thy great friend! that title shalt thou claim,
 And no inglorious part of CHURCHILL's fame!
 On earth the hero's glory strung thy lays,
 And still wer't thou the herald of his praise:
 For thy lov'd MARLBRO', yet thy care employ,
 And point him out among the lawns of joy;
 Let every warlike shade the leader view;
 A name so glorious, and a shade so new!
 E'en to the ghosts, that purpled o'er with blood
Ramillia's fields, and swell'd the *Danube's* flood;
 E'en to the *Gallie* ghosts their conqueror show;
 Alate how dreaded! now, no more their foe!

METHINKS, I see in throngs the airy host,
 Ambitious who shall praise the stranger most!
 How do they eye the fair majestic form!
 And lo! the hero-shades around him swarm!

His

His ancestry and titles these enquire,
 What mother bore, and mortal if his fire,
 His life's recesses those beseech to know,
 With pleasures how indulg'd, or pain'd with woe:
 While some with ambient wreaths his brow adorn,
 Names, old in song, e're *England's* chief was born!
 In early days who tyrants did restrain;
 For prowess unexcell'd, 'till *Anna's* reign!
 See *Nassau*, crown'd with laurels, welcome bring!
 Mankind's deliverer! *Britain's* boasted king!
 With vertuous joy, in MARLBRO', does he see
 Whate're he was, and all he wish'd to be;
 In MARLBRO', to the shades he sees descend
 A chief, a prince, a subject, and a friend;
 The rising hero oft he wont to bless,
 And from his virtues augur'd his success.

MUCH did I mourn, my friend, thy parting breath;
 But more I mourn thy loss, since CHURCHILL'S
 death:

Had'st thou, O GARTH, surviv'd that godlike name,
 (Nor thou, nor he, shall be surviv'd in fame)
 How had'st thou talk'd thy hero's vict'ries o're,
 Unequall'd, tho' forbid to vanquish more!
 How had thy tongue describ'd the *Flandrian* plains!
 The months of glory, and the great campaigns!

IN fresh description, hourly, *France* had bled,
 And every day defeated *Villars* fled;
 The name of *MARLBRO'*, ecchoing walls around
 Had heard, and vaulted roofs beat back the sound.

SHALL I not lead thee to the victor's tomb?
 An awful march, and thro' a length of gloom!
 In sable-triumph, lo! the standard born!
 The martial horse, and battle-trophies mourn!
 The gleaming armour view, and ensigns round!
 Hark, the hoarse drum and solemn ordnance sound!
 With looks how downcast march the soldier-throng!
 How slowly moves the mourning war along!
 Not so, returning home from vanquish'd foes,
 They look'd:—There, *MARLBRO'*'s great successor
 goes,

And midst his glory droops! This, this, is he,
 To whom our hero's wreaths his stars decree!
 Should fate again fill *Europe* with alarms,
 He shall revive the fame of *British* arms;
 Ordain'd to be, if poets may divine,
 In such an age, what *CHURCHILL* was in thine,

SOON the tree, to *Proserpine* consign'd,
 The bough, with glittering leaves and golden rind,
 Pluck'd from the trunk; another bough, behold!
 Springs in its room, the rind and leaf of gold;

Like

Like to the first, and scarce discern'd for new ;
The same the value ; one the radiant hue.

To mortal men, too rash, we may not give,
O GARTH! the name of happy, while they live;
For fortune oft does human ills foreshow,
And after longest calms come wrecks of woe :
The son of vict'ry now consign'd to rest,
How may we praise his lot, and call him blest?
His fortune gently, as the cedar grows,
Up-grew, and with his rising virtues rose ;
By easy steps he climb'd secure to fame ;
No sudden wonder, nor unpromis'd name !
His smiling hopes no adverse wind did blast ;
And seventy winters bless'd him, as they past :
Great lasting joys and slender griefs he bore,
His joys were many, and his sorrows rare :
The smiles of monarchs grac'd his bloom of life,
The loveliest offspring, and the fairest wife :
Esteem, and trust, and favour, and applause,
Pursu'd his manly zeal for *William's* cause ;
His riper years, in triumphs fruitful, ran,
And glory clos'd the scene, which love began.

At last he rests with thee, O sacred bard !
Unreach'd by envy, and above reward !

Renew'd, in purple beauty, does he shine ;
A brighter bloom ! and fresh with health divine :
So graceful look'd he, and so fair to view,
In youth, e're camps and crimson fields he knew ;
E're yet he thought on glory, gain'd in arms,
Or any conquests, but of female charms.

ENJOY, ye happy shades, your quiet seat :
To you the gods permit a safe retreat ;
Soft odours round you skies ambrosial shed ;
No shelves have you to shun, nor storms to dread
We roam about, by various chances cross'd,
Still from one fortune to another tost ;
To many harms and perils we survive,
With hatred and with envy doom'd to strive,
The pangs of balk'd ambition do we prove,
The jealous torments, and the rage of love ;
With open arms the treacherous friend embrace,
Or doat upon the wily harlot's face ;
A thousand wants, unsatisfy'd, we moan,
And feel a thousand sorrows, not our own.
These ills are ours : they touch not thy repose ;
No longer dost thou pine for human woes ;
No more do'st hear, amidst unchang'd delights,
What *Cinna*, in the lust of nonsense, writes.

ON flow'ry beds, mefseems, I fee thee lie,
 While young immortal maids pafs smiling by ;
 Close at thy feet, while rivulets flow of wine,
 And *Sappho* flights her *Phaon* to be thine !
 Or to thy *Ovid* thou do'ft, pleas'd, relate
 Thy country's story, and its envy'd fate ;
 A chosen spot, with ocean compass'd round !
 The land of beauty, and for war renown'd !
 How fam'd for arts ! in genius how refin'd !
 What wealth, what empire by the waves and wind !
 The forest-oak, and the strong-hearted steed !
 The proud-arm'd fleets ! and men, a godlike breed,
 From *Dardan Brutus* ! spirits uncontrol'd !
 A generous offspring, hardy, wise, and bold !
 What civil conflicts, and what stern debates
 For liberty, and tyrants' headlong fates !
 The sea's green floods, how oft with crimson stain'd !
 What rescu'd states, and distant trophies gain'd !
 If this thy theme ; on CHURCHILL's every deed
 Thy tongue shall dwell, and boast of *Europe* freed ;
 Still in thy thought his battles shall prevail,
 And *Blenheim* never wander from the tale ;
 Lo ! thy lov'd *Roman* friend with rapture hears
 The triumphs of those ten great rolling years !
 While every year in toil with ages vies,
 And scenes, with wonder more replete, arise,

Than all the changes in his feigning lays,
Deduc'd from nature's birth to *Cæsar's* days.

O think not, learn'd *Machaon*, I reveal
A heart too cold, or want *Hortensio's* zeal,
If I resign our mighty CHURCHILL's name,
Unus'd to soar, and fearful for my fame:
To lower themes my unambitious lyre
Is tun'd, and humbler praises I require;
Let *Steele* immortal *Mildenheim* sustain,
And trace his story in the *Livian* strain;
While I the subject, to his pen assign'd,
But lightly touch, and follow far behind.

OFT, if I judge aright, thy master lays
Alarm *Elisian* groves with MARLBRO's praise;
And oft, o poet, *England's* triumphs swell
The song, and tremble on thy *British* shell!
For dying changes but th' organic frame;
The self-immortal soul exists the same:
What passions e're, confin'd to clay, we know,
Pursue us to the myrtle grove below;
Whate'er does please, while pilgrims we remain,
Shall in another being please again:
Great *Maro* still the lofty epic charms,
And *Turnus* takes delight in shining arms;

In

In *Archimedes*' thought do figures roll,
While *Horace* revels o're the nectar-bowl;
In *Dido*'s amorous breast its flame returns,
And *Cleveland* for some other *CHURCHILL* burns.

FROM joys of paradise with-held too long,
A moment yet, attend the ling'ring song,
While thy lov'd poet's marble I explore,
And the proud fane, but half adorn'd before!
Without a tomb, 'till late, forgot he lay,
While the muse mourn'd, and ages wore away;
At length the stone, so long delay'd, is rear'd:
An awful image, and a front rever'd!
No verse engrav'd records at large his fame;
But *Dryden*'s epitaph is *Dryden*'s name.

IN bowers of roses by his side reclin'd,
O! what delights o'reflow thy ravish'd mind!
No fraud molests thee now, nor any crime
Pollutes the beauty of that guiltless clime;
No falshood, there, the heedless heart beguiles;
Nor hidden hatred wears dissembled smiles;
No awkward pride is, there, of humble birth;
Nor shining affluence, gay with thoughtless mirth;
No fools of fortune, giddy with success;
No little teizing wits, admir'd by less;

No hard'ned gripes ; nor earth-worms, urg'd by fate.
 Against their creeping genius, to be great ;
 But, there, eternal freshness *Zephyrs* bring,
 And all the year is temper'd into spring ;
 There, men, who liv'd upright like thee, reside ;
 There, the brave legion, that for freedom dy'd ;
 Whoe're in arts polite divinely wrought ;
 And piquis priests, that *HOADLEY's* doctrines taught ;
 And they, who vertue, sunk in ills, sustain'd ;
 And bards inspir'd ; and kings, like *GEORGE*, that
 reign'd.

FAREWEL ; it may be, I shall see, or seem
 To see thee in some soft delightful dream :
 Farewel ; O ! ever to remembrance dear !
 Of poets first, and most of men sincere !





APPLE-PYE.

A

POEM.

OF all the delicates which *Britons* try,
To please the palate, or delight the eye;
Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare,
There's none that can with **APPLE-PYE** compare;
For costly flavour, or substantial paste,
For outward beauty, or for inward taste.

WHEN first this infant-dish in fashion came,
Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude the frame;
As yet, unpolish'd in the modern arts,
Our fathers eat brown bread instead of *Tarts*.
Pyes were but indigested lumps of dough,
Till time and just expence improv'd 'em so.

KING

KING COL (as ancient *British* annals tell)
 Renown'd for fiddling, and for eating well,
Pippins in homely cakes with *honey* stew'd ;
Just as he bak'd (the proverb says) *he brew'd*.

THEIR greater art succeeding princes show'd,
 And modell'd *paste* into a neater mode ;
 Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
 And *sugar* pointed out the way to *spice*.

BUT here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
 And *apple-pye* was still but homely food ;
 When god-like EDGAR, of the Saxon line,
 Polite of taste, and studious to refine,
 In the desert perfuming *quinces* cast,
 And perfected with *cream* the rich repast.
 Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
 With crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim ;
 And each fresh pye the pleas'd spectator greets
 With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.

DEAR NELLY, learn with care the pastry-art,
 And mind the easy precepts I impart :
 Draw out your *dough* elaborately thin,
 And cease not to fatigue your *rolling-pin* :

Of *eggs* and *butter* see you mix enough;
 For then the *paste* will swell into a *puff*,
 Which will in crumpling sounds your praise report,
 And eat, as *housewives* speak, exceeding short.
 Rang'd in thick order, let your *quinces* lie;
 They give a charming relish to the *PYE*.
 If you are wise, you'll not *brown sugar* slight:
 The browner (if I form my judgment right)
 A tincture of a bright vermeil will shed,
 And stain the *pippin*, like the *quince*, with red.

WHEN this is done, there will be wanting still
 The just reserve of *cloves* and *candy'd peel*;
 Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
 Of *orange-water*, for perfuming-sake.
 But here the nicety of art is such,
 There must not be too little, nor too much:
 If with discretion you these costs employ,
 They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.

NEXT, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
 Never o'ercharge your *PYE* with costly fruit:
 Oft let your bodkin thro' the lid be sent,
 To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent;
 Lest the fermenting liquors, mounting high,
 Within their brittle bounds disdain to lie,

Insensibly,

Insensibly, by constant fretting, waste,
And o'er-inform the tenement of paste.

To chuse your *baker*, think, and think agen,
(You'll scarce one honest *baker* find in ten:
Aduſt and bruis'd, I've often ſeen a *PYE*,
In rich diſguiſe and coſtly ruin lie,
While the rent cruſt beheld its form o'rethrown,
Th' exhausted *apples* griev'd, their moiſture flow'n,
And ſyrup from the ſides ran trickling down.

O BE be not, be not tempted, lovely *NELL*,
While the hot-piping odours ſtrongly ſmell;
While the delicious fume creates a guſt,
To lick th' o'reflowing juice, or bite the cruſt.
You'll rather ſtay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot is temper'd by the cool;
O ! firſt infuſe the luſcious ſtore of *cream*,
And change the purple, for a ſilver ſtream;
That ſmooth baſſamic viand firſt produce,
To give a ſoftneſs to the tarter juice.





A

PROLOGUE,

Occasion'd by the

REVIVAL

O F A

Play of *Shakespear*, written at
the Decline of the *South-Sea*
Scheme.

Ar length, the phrenzy of the realm is o'er,
And the wide-spreading mischief reigns no
more;

Lured by false prospects, and misguided long,

At last to balls and theatres you throng:

A wide outrageous scene we lately saw;

Iniquity and fraud usurping law:

K

Arts,

Arts, learning, did they not neglected stand,
And every virtue languish thro' the land ?
On haughty *clerks* did humble *nobles* wait,
And *brokers* rul'd like ministers of state.

To such excess the lust of wealth was grown,
That every vice was lost in that alone :
Nor wine nor women could allure the rake,
And libertines reform'd, for lucre-sake.
The fair, to mingle in the sordid strife,
Forbore their lov'd intrigues ; the city wife.
On the dear gay adulterer ceas'd to smile,
And marriage-martyrs had a truce a-while ;
By other bargains were love-contracts crost :
And *Edging* mourn'd her occupation lost :
From factious noise the pulpit did refrain,
And priests preach'd gospel out of love to gain :
Physicians tainted with the time's disease,
The people died, without the cost of fees :
Alone th'insatiate miser kept in view
His antient vice, and to himself was true.

SUCH was the wayward face of things a-late,
When all degrees ran headlong on their fate :

But

A PROLOGUE.

59

But now, the malice of the magic spent,
The mind returns to its accustom'd bent :
In every breast prevails its first desire ;
Poets their verses, beaux themselves admire ;
The females stretch the fam'd *rotundo* wide ;
Some, to reveal their secrets ; some, to hide ;
Each character restor'd, at length, we find,
And fopperies rise again of every kind.

WAKED from your dream, and from misfortunes
Less hurtful follies wisely you pursue ; (new
To low provincial drolls, in crowds, you run,
By foreign modes, and foreign nonsense won ;
To see *french* tumblers three long hours you sit ;
And criticks judge of capers in the pit.

WHAT art shall teach us to refine your joys,
And wean your sickly taste from alien toys ?
For this we toil, and in our cause engage
Th' immortal writers of an early age :
This night, to virtue do we trophies raise,
Or what was virtue thought in former days :
Fond labour ! antient sense must quit the field,
And *Shakespear* to the soft *Bercelli* yield :

K 2

Whence

Whence is this change in nature! one wou'd swear,
That eunuchs were not form'd to lead the fair:
In times of old, at least as poets feign,
True manhood only could the virgin gain;
But what, to demy gods, was arduous then,
Is now perform'd by *things* that are not men.





PROLOGUE

TO THE

CONSCIOUS LOVERS,

A Comedy of Sir Richard Steele.

To win your hearts, and to secure your praise,
 The comic-writers strive by various ways;
 By subtil stratagems they act their game,
 And leave untry'd no avenue to fame:
 One writes the spouse a beating from his wife;
 And says, each stroke was copy'd from the life:
 Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,
 And make a livelyhood of *Pinky's* face:
 While one gay shew and costly habits tries,
 Confiding to the judgment of your eyes;
 Another smuts his scene, (a cunning shaver)
 Sure of the rakes' and of the wenches' favour!

O F T have these arts prevail'd; and one may guess,
 If practis'd o'er again, would find success:

But

But this bold sage, the poet of to-night,
 By new and desp'rate rules resolv'd to write :
 Fain would he give more just applauses rise,
 And please by wit, that scorns the aids of vice ;
 The praise he seeks, from worthier motives springs,
 Such praise, as praise to those that give it, brings !

Y O U R aid, most humbly sought, then, Britons, lend,
 And liberal mirth, like liberal men, defend :
 No more let libaldry, with licence writ,
 Usurp the name of eloquence, or wit ;
 No more let lawless farce uncensur'd go ;
 The lewd dull gleanings of a *Smithfield* show !
 'Tis yours, with breeding to refine the age,
 To chasten wit, and moralize the stage.

Y E modest, wife and good, ye fair, ye brave,
 To night the *champion* of your virtues save,
 Redeem from long contempt the comic name,
 And judge politely for your country's fame.





EPILOGUE,

To the *SAME*.

OUR author, whom intreaties cannot move,
 Spight of the dear coquetry that you love,
 Swears he'll not frustrate (so he plainly means)
 By a loose epilogue, his decent scenes.
 Is it not, sirs, hard-fate I meet to-day ?
 To keep me rigid still ! beyond the play !
 And yet I'm fav'd a world of pains that way.
 I now can look, I now can move at ease,
 Nor need I torture these poor limbs to please,
 Nor with the hand or foot attempt surprize,
 Nor wrest my features, nor fatigue my eyes :
 Blest me ! what freakish gambols have I play'd !
 What motions try'd, and wanton looks betray'd !
 Out of pure kindness all, to over-rule
 The threaten'd hiss, and screen some scribbling fool !



WITH more respect I'm entertain'd to night :
 OUR author thinks, I can with ease delight :

My

My artless looks while modest graces arm,
 He says, I need but to appear, and charm :
 A wife so form'd, by these examples bred,
 Pours joy and gladness 'round the marriage bed ;
 Soft source of comfort ! kind relief from care !
 And 'tis her least perfection to be fair.

THE nymph, with *Indiana's* worth who vies,
 A nation will behold with *Bevil's* eyes.



T O T H E

Earl of *C L A R E*,

On his being created

Duke of *Newcastle*.

WHEN *justice* with her train to earth descends,
Parnassus wakes, and every muse attends:
In chosen ages does she leave the skies,
And in such ages men, like *Holles*, rise.

I *N Holles* hast thou lost thy former name,
And art *Newcastle* by no *stranger*-claim:
That *gem*, not worn by thee, would cease to shine;
That *flower* would fade on any stem but thine,
From genial suns exil'd and softer skies,
In alien lands, the withering vineyard dies;

Nor

66 *To the Earl of CLARE, &c.*

Nor more the circling tendrils we behold
Luxuriant, nor the grapes that glow with gold;
A foreign soil the faded boughs bemoan,
And languish in a climate not their own.



A N

EPIGRAM.

I OW E, says *Metius*, much to *Colon's* care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir;
True, *Metius*; hence your fortunes take their rise,
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.





T O
Mr. P H I L I P S,
 On his Tragedy of

Humfrey Duke of Gloucester.

To rural lays, e're yet in manhood ripe,
 A shepherd, didst thou tune thine oaten pipe;
 The groves, and streams, and daisy-painted plains,
 The joys and griefs of unambitious swains,
 Employ'd thy verse; thy verse, whose magick force
 The *Severn* charm'd, and stopp'd his silver course.

Thus play'd thy youth: but weightier cares engage
 Thy more experienc'd life, and learned age;
 Thy *country's* love thy tragic strains infuse;
 And the free *Britons* bless thy patriot muse.
 Who has not heard *Orestes'* dire despair?
 Who not repin'd for *Gwendolen*, the fair?
 What freeman, but her woes, in thought, redrest,
 And felt his own inflam'd, like *Vanoc's* breast!

AND

AND lo! the realms *protestant*, now, we view!
 Thy country's glory, still, thy thoughts pursue;
 A *Briton*, still, thy manly scenes adorn,
 And warm the soul with virtues, *English-born*:
 To foreign lands nor need we vainly roam,
 In search of glories, to be found at home:
 In our own climate does the lawrel grow;
 A climate fruitful of heroic woe!

A length, kind fate has rais'd the poet's song,
 Indulgent to repair brave *Gloucester's* wrong:
 At length his virtue in a blaze appears,
 From the dark night retriev'd of monkish years:
 And now, thro' every age his worth shall shine,
 And *Humsfrey's* name be, still, rever'd with thine.



From



From the 15th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; beginning with the
Story of *ÆSCULAPIUS*,
and continued to the End of the
Work.

*The Occasion of ÆSCULAPIUS's be-
ing brought to Rome.*

Now, say, *Aonian* train,
Whom poets call not to their aid in vain;
Tradition's fountains are unlock'd to you,
Old tales revive, and ages past renew;
You, who can latent miracles expound,
Say, whence the ifle, the *Tiber* flows around,
Engaged the god its altars to adorn,
From *Phœbus* and the nymph *Coronis* born.

A wasting plague once reign'd o're *Latian* skies:
Pale livid looks behold! and ghastly eyes;
The dire disease's marks each visage wore,
Tokens of florid health appear no more,
And the pure blood of life is chang'd to putrid gore:

L

Phy-

Physicians and their art are found to fail ;
 Nor healing herbs, nor human cares prevail :
 At length for succour hapless *Rome* applies
 To *Delphos*, in the mid-moſt earth that lies ;
 Whom mortal fails, to aid cœleſtial flies !
 Arriv'd at *Phœbus*' ſhrine — they pray him to with-
 ſtand
 Heaven's wrath, and by his ſalutary hand
 To ſave their waſting ſtate, and half unpeopled land.

THE holy *fane*, by impulse from above,
 The golden *quivers*, and the *laurel-grove*,
 Together trembled ; when this awful ſound
 Came burſting from the temple's depths profound,
 And ſhook their hearts with fear, and ſpread dif-
 may around.

“ The help, which, *Roman*, here you ſeek, before
 “ You ſhould have ſought for on a nearer ſhore ;
 “ And on a nearer now, that help implore :
 “ The ſuccour, you ſollicit, muſt be won,
 “ Not from *Apollo*, but *Apollo's* ſon :
 “ Go, fetch our progeny without delay ;
 “ And flights auspicious guide you on your way !

AT once the senate, known for prudence, hear
Th' advice of *Phœbus*, and th' advice revere;
And first, what soil, what city, they enquire,
The god prefers, who claims the *sun* his fire;
Then nominate fit envoys to explore
By winds and seas the *Epidaurian* shore;
The envoys soon approach the destin'd strand,
And to the hoary elders of the land
Prefer their suit submissive: "O bestow
" Your great physician, in our day of woe;
" His presence shall retrieve *Ausonia's* state.
" So promis'd *Delphos*, and unerring fate!

TO this demand the *Greeks* make no reply,
Irresolute to grant or to deny;
And many questions their debates enlarge;
These argue to resign the sacred charge;
While those, tenacious of their native wealth,
Refuse to send away their god, the guardian of their
health!

WHILE dubious they remain'd, the waning light
Retires before the growing shades of night;
And now thick darkness veils the shaded skies,
Now, *Roman*, closed in sleep were mortal eyes,
When *health's* auspicious god appears to thee,
And thy blest dreams his form celestial see,

The same, as in his fane he stands revered:
 In his left hand a rural staff preferr'd,
 The right strokes down his decent length of beard.
 " Dismiss, said he, with mildness all divine,
 " Dismiss your fears; I come, I leave my shrine:
 " This serpent only, that my staff, around,
 " Embraces, in his mazy circles bound;
 " This serpent with a stedfast eye survey,
 " So as to know again, and mark him every way;
 " His likeness, but enlarg'd, I will assume,
 " And chang'd, as heavenly forms are chang'd,
 " bring aid to Rome.

THE voice forfakes their ear, the god their eyes,
 And with the voice and god the slumber flies,
 And with the slumber's flight the dawn salutes
 the skies.

THE morning now, does, with a blushing ray,
 Prelude the splendor of the promis'd day;
 The *Greeks* perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful care,
 To *Æsculapius*' splendid dome repair,
 And, by sure signs, beseech him to express,
 What seats he deigns to chuse, and land to bless:
 While yet they spoke; the serpent-god behold,
 With his high crest, and scales that gleam'd with
 gold!
 And mighty hissings his approach foretold:

The

The altar trembled at his awful look ;
The marble floor, and pond'rous cieling shook ;
The doors were rock'd : the statue seem'd to nod ;
And all the fabrick owns the present god.

MAN's height erect, all lofty does he rise,
And round the fane revolves his flaming eyes:
The crowd aghast, the priest, that keeps the shrine,
Whose holy temples candid fillets twine,
Knew and ador'd at once the power divine :

“ And lo! the god! the god! he cries; be silent all;
“ And thou the people bless, that on thy godhead
“ call;

“ The people, that before thy altars bow ;
“ Who'ere thou art! and let thy coming now,
“ O fair, and with immortal beauty crowned,
“ To thy own glory and their good redound!
The people worship with humility profound ;
And Greeks and Latins, all the present crowd,
Catch the priest's words, and eccho 'em aloud:
Th' indulgent snake towards the Latins bow'd,
In sign of grace! his crested honours nod,
And, of his favour a sure pledge! the god
Three hisses gave, and forth his tongue did dart.

THEN down the steps he slides, as to depart;
But, parting, oft looks back upon the fane;
His well-known palace, and his lov'd domain!

Oft does review the seats, so late his own!
 His antient shrine, and abdicated throne!
 And now, a mighty bulk, he sweeps the ground,
 Thro' the high streets, with flow'rs and verdure
 crown'd,

In large indentings winds his wavy course,
 And gains the port, and moles that break the ocean's
 force.

'T WAS here he made a stand, and here he view'd
 The pious throng, who his last steps pursued,
 And for his own departure seem'd to grieve,
 And seem'd with mournful eyes to take his latest
 leave.

The Voyage of Æsculapius.

A T length, th' *Ansonian* vessel he ascends,
 Beneath the deity the vessel bends;
 The *Latins* triumph in the heavenly weight;
 A god their ballast, and a god their freight!
 Then with a bull the powers marine appease,
 Their anchors weigh, and plough the spacious seas:
 Up-rear'd sublime, his neck the *serpent* lays
 Across the poop, and the blue deep surveys;
 The ship, now, wafted on with prosperous gales,
 Auspicious o're th' *Ionian* level sails;

On

On the sixth morn th' *Italian* coast they gain,
 And pass *Lacinia*, graced with *Juno's* fane;
 Then leave the *Soylacean* shores behind,
 And *Iapygia*, speeding with the wind:
Amphissian rocks, which waves, insidious hide,
 They shun secure, upon the larboard side;
 While, on the right, *Ceraunia's* craggy strand,
Romechium, *Caulon*, and the towns that stand
 Rang'd on *Calabria's* shore, in sight of land
 They coast along; *Pelorum* see at last:
 And now with freshly-springing gales are past
 The straits of *Sicily*, the *Brutian* shore,
 Renown'd for mines of rich metallic ore,
 The isles, that vaunted *Æolus* their king,
 And *Pæstus*, sweet with roses of the spring:
 Toward *Leucosia* now their course they shape,
 And double in the way *Minerva's* cape:
Campanian verdure next salutes their eyes,
 While fruitful hills, and winy landscapes rise:
 And now the seats, *Herulean* spoils adorn,
Parthenope, for learned leisure born,
 The temple of th' inspir'd *Cumæan* maid,
 And *Baia's* tepid baths and coolly shade,
 And *Stabia's* fields, a pleasing view afford,
 As on they sail, and keep the shore aboard:
Linternum, then, the joyful sailor sees,
 Rich in soft gums, distill'd from mastic trees;

And

And *Vulturn* now, whose whirlpools suck the sands,
 And *Trachas*, compass'd round with marshy lands,
 And *Caiete*, from the nurse so nam'd, for whom
 With pious rites *Aeneas* rais'd a tomb,
 And *Formia's* fields, whose soil the olive loves,
 And *Siniuessa*, known for milk-white doves,
 And *Minturn*, all are left, and *Circe's* plain,
 Which yet records th' immortal *Witche's* reign.

A t last, the pilot steers to *Antian* shores :
 Shelter'd from winds, while, here, the vessel moors,
 (For now the ruffled deep portends a storm)
 The *spiry god* unfolds his spheric form,
 And, leap'd on land, thro' frequent orbs again,
 And mighty volumes, rolls his lubric train,
 And seeks a refuge from the roaring main,
 His father's temple, nigh the yellow shore.

THE winds compos'd, and ocean swol'n no more
 The heavenly *renegade* afresh decrees
 To launch upon the bosom of the seas ;
 So leaves his parent's hospitable land,
 And furrows, with his rattling scales, the sand,
 That cover'd all the coast ; then, climbing up
 By the firm rudder, gain'd the lofty poop.
 A new ; nor long, e're the swift-sailing beech
 Does the proud *capitol* and mouth of *Tiber* reach,

H E R E

HERE all degrees, ev'n they who guard thy flame,
 O *Trojan Vesse*, their benefactor came
 To meet; wives, mothers, sons, a mingled crowd;
 Flock from all parts, and hail the god aloud
 With joyful shouts, that swell throughout the host!
 And lo! along the banks, on either coast,
 Where o're the waves the nimble vessel bounds,
 High altars rise, and frankincense resounds,
 The ambient air perfuming; while the knife,
 Plung'd in the victim's heart, reeks with the blood of
 life.

THE world's metropolis receives him now:
 Round the main top-mast clung, his rusted brow
 He waves abroad, and views the sacred shrine,
 Fit for the mansion of a power divine.

A NARROW neck of land, out-jetting, lies,
 Which to the stream a double course supplies;
 The stream's two arms, on either side, are seen,
 Stretch'd out in equal length, the land between:
 And hence the *isle* derives an island's name.

'T WAS here the salutary *serpent* came;
 The *Latian* ship nor sooner he resigns,
 But in his own authentic form he shines,

With miracles begins his happy reign,
 And chang' d himself, for pleasure changes pain,
 And joy restores to *Rome*, and health revives again. }

The Deification of Julius Cæsar.

BUT *ÆSCULAPIUS* was a foreign lord :
 In his own city *Cæsar* is ador'd :
 Alike was he for arms and arts renown'd,
 In peace with olive-wreaths, in fight with laurels
 crown'd ;

By his vast conquests, and his rapid wars,
 A comet made, and added to the stars :
 Yet to his offspring most he owes his fame,
 And 'tis the son records the father's name ;
 Nor e're shall *Cæsar* to a praise aspire
 More glorious, than the great *Augustus*' fire.
 The *Britons*, grant, he tam'd, a race inur'd to blood,
 Led his dread fleets o're *Nile's* septemfluous flood, }
 And *Juba*, and the rebel *Moors* subdued,
 The strength of titled *Mithridates* broke,
 And gave proud *Pontus* to the *Roman* yoke,
 From thousand nations thousand trophies bore,
 And many triumphs led, and claim'd by merit more,

These are great deeds; yet less, than to have given
The world a lord, in whom, propitious heaven!
When you decreed the sovereign rule to place;
With lavish bounty, and a hand of grace,
You amply did provide for human race.

Now left this prince from mortal stem to rise
Might seem, his fire was order'd for the skies:
The golden goddess, that *Aeneas* bore,
Forefaw it, and foreseeing did deplore;
For well she knew, the *Flamen's* fate was nigh,
By foul conspiracy decreed to die.

" To every god, all trembling and dismayed,

" Behold! she cried, what snares for me are laid!

" What desperate pains the treacherous crew em-
ploy

" T' exterminate my small remaining *Troy*!

" The sole surviving branch, from me that springs!

" All of my family and line of *Dardan* kings!

" Am I alone by fates ordain'd to bear

" Unintermitted grief, and never-ceasing care?

" From *Diomedes* now the wound I feel,

" And my soft hand endures his piercing steel;

" Now *Ilium's* towers I see vast ruins hide,

" Too weak a warrior on my *Paris'* side;

: sow painting the coming war:

" Troy laid in dust, my exil'd son I mourn,
 " Thro' troubled seas and waves tempestuous born;
 " O're the wide waste his wand'ring course he bends,
 " Then, to *Elyzium's* silent shades descends,
 " With *Turnus* driven, at last, fierce wars to wage,
 " Or rather with relentless *Juno's* rage.
 " But wherefore, now, far backward do I trace
 " The sad misfortunes of my hapless race?
 " In present griefs I lose the sense of past;
 " For still the keenest anguish is the last:
 " On me their points the impious daggers throw;
 " Forbid it, gods! repel the direful blow;
 " Nor let the fires of the chaste *vestal* train
 " Cease burning, for the priest of *Numa* slain.

SUCH moving, but unprofitable cries,
 Did *Cytherea* cast thro' all the skies;
 And every god a sympathy exprest,
 And nature yearn'd in each immortal breast;
 And they had eas'd her pain, had means been known
 To ease a pain, she did not feel alone;
 Or they had alter'd fate, and stopp'd the ill,
 If gods could alter fate, or curb its will:
 But tho' the ir'n decrees of destiny
 Not by omnipotence could broken be;
 By obvious tokens yet, nor hard to know,
 The gods prognosticate the coming woe:

And

And, if *renown* reports the truth, alarms,
 Among the clouds, were heard, of clashing arms,
 And the shrill *Fife*, and *Clarion's* dreadful sound,
 Loud in the skies, forewarn'd the traitor-wound :
 The *sun's* sad image too dispens'd a ray
 Of sickly light, and seeming to decay,
 And anxious earth requires in vain the day :
 Oft, did the *Æther* blaze with fiery forms ;
 Oft, drops of crimson fall, blown down in storms :
 A rusty black the *star* of morning wore,
 Distain'd ; the *moon* with blood was spotted o're,
 Portents, all kinds, abound, and omens foul !
 A thousand places heard the *Stygian owl*
 Unlucky screech ; a thousand more espied
 The weeping *marble* ; and 'tis said beside,
 Fierce threatening words, the sacred groves dismay'd
 Unusual sound ! and song did haunt the *shade* :
 No *victim* can the wrathful gods assuage ;
 But popular alarms, and mighty rage,
 At hand, the *sacrifices* all declare ;
 And *Cæsar's* murder, manifest, is there :
 And in the *forum*, and the fanes around,
 With howlings, dogs of night were said to wound
 The sitting air ; while wandring up and down,
 Pale ghosts are seen, and earthquakes rock the town.

YET could not, by these prodigies, be broke
 The plotted charm, or staid th' appointed stroke ;
 Their swords th' assassins in the temple draw ;
 Their cruel hands, nor gods nor temples awe ;
 This place alone they chuse with blood to stain.

AND now no bounds do *Cypria's* grief restrain :
 She gives a loose to grief and to despair,
 And smites her breast, and rends her golden hair ;
 Then, thought to save the hero, cover'd o'er
 In the same cloud, that *Paris* sav'd before,
 Prest hard in combat ; and from death that freed
 Her own *Aeneas*, in the hour of need.

HIS lovely daughter, sore with anguish prest,
Jove saw, and mildly thus his speech address.
 " What phrenzy, o my child, does urge thee on
 " Fate to o're-rule, that is o're-ruled by none ?
 " Go, enter the dread mansions of the three
 " Relentless *sisters* : there, thine eye shall see
 " The never-failing records grav'd, in length,
 " On iron and solid brass, with mighty strength,
 " Which heaven's and earth's concussion shall en-
 " dure,
 " And the loud thunder's rage, eternal and secure ;
 " On tables there, of *Adamantine* stone,
 " The fortunes of thy *Trojan* race are shown ;

" Well

- " Well have I mark'd 'em, and will now relate
 " To thee the unrepal'd awards of fate.
 " He, *Venus*, whom you mourn, has run his race
 " Of life compleat ; a short, but golden space !
 " The days, on earth, assign'd him to pursue
 " His labours ! and the years to glory due !
 " And now bright *mother-goddes*, for thy sake
 " Of rites divine thy *Cæsar* shall partake ;
 " His son, adopted in the father's name,
 " The load of empire shall sustain with fame ;
 " And *we* will lead his wars, and *Jove* will aid
 " The brave avenger of his parent's shade :
 " To him, still prosperous in the doubtful field,
 " Shall *Mutina* its vanquish'd bulwarks yield ;
 " *Pharsalia's* plains, for slaughter known before,
 " Shall feel him ; and *Emathia's* frighted shore,
 " A second time manured with *Roman* gore :
 " And in *Sicilia's* current spoils be won
 " From a great name, the mighty *Pompey's* son ;
 " And she, who rules the *Nile*, elate with pride,
 " In *Hymen's* torch shall all in vain confide ;
 " In vain, that *Memphian* dame, rich-stor'd with
 " charms,
 " Shall hope, in *Antony's* uxorious arms,
 " Dominion o're my *capitol* to claim,
 " And make of *Rome* a tributary name ;

- " Nor in that city ever shall be seen,
 " The priests of *Isis*, or a *foreign* queen,
 " What need I count to thee th' *immeasured* lands,
 " Along both oceans that extend their strands,
 " Vast *Barbary*, and utmost *Lybian* sands ?
 " Wher'ere the nations view the solar ray,
 " The habitable world shall own his sway,
 " And every surge that swells, his power obey ;
 " Calm years returning, fraught with sweet de-
 lights,
 " His studies shall he turn to *civil rights* ;
 " Ordain good laws, on righteousness intent,
 " And by example, more than punishment,
 " Curb daring vice ; and faith shall rise again,
 " And all the muses flourish in his reign :
 " Then looking forward, in the future learn'd,
 And for an unbegotten race concern'd,
 " Lo ! he appoints his offspring most belov'd,
 " Born of a wife most dear and unprov'd,
 " His titles and his name in right to bear,
 " And be his empire's, as his virtue's, heir,
 " Nor shall he, till, at length, mature with years,
 " An *old old man*, adorn his kindred spheres.
 " Mean time, this spirit, from the bleeding scar
 " Fresh-issuing, snatch, and change into a *star* :

“ So shall thy *Julius* heavenly rites assume,
 “ With pride enroll’d among the gods of *Rome*,
 “ And from his temple’s glorious height survey
 “ Our *capitol*, the seat of boundless sway.

THIS spoke ; the goddess to the senate flew,
 Where, her fair form conceal’d from mortal view,
 Her *Cæsar*’s better part she made her care,
 Nor left the recent soul to waste to air ;
 But upward bore the particle divine,
 And as she upward bore, she saw it shine,
 And saw it kindle, and to flame refine :
 Forth from her bosom then she let it fly ;
 The infant *luminary* of the sky !
 In bulk and splendor now, above the moon,
 Encreas’d, it rose, and wex’d a *comet* soon,
 New fires collected in its restless flight,
 And shot behind a long-spread trail of light.

The Reign of AUGUSTUS, in which
OVID flourish’d.

THUS chang’d, his godlike offspring *Julius* saw,
 To free and willing nations giving law,
 Dispensing blessings with a bounteous hand,
 His people’s joy, and father of his land !

86 *The Reign of* AUGUSTUS.

He look'd with pleasure from his starry throne,
Nor pin'd at merit greater than his own,
The vertues of his son with pride beheld,
And counted it renown to be excell'd:
The son, 'tis own'd, does elogies disclaim,
That o're his ancestor exalt his name,
Does modestly forbid us to reveal
His just desert, and checks our honest zeal,
Yet free report, by no restraint confin'd,
And fame, more lawless than the roving wind,
Unfetter'd fame his wishes does withstand,
And pleads exemption but from one command;
The homage, that he shuns, his people pays,
And none are not disloyal in his praise;
Nor longer with his heir the parent vies:
So *Peleus* to *Pelides* yields the prize;
Atreus does less than *Agamemnon* sound,
And *Theseus* than his sire is more renown'd;
And, lastly, names more equal to oppose,
So *Saturn* wain'd, when *Jove* to empire rose:
Jove rules the heav'ns; the earth *Augustus* sways;
And both a monarch's claim, and both a father's
praise.

The Conclusion.

87

Ye gods, companions of *Aeneas*' flight,
Who sav'd him from the flames that fatal night;
Ye native gods, here born and fix'd by fate;
Quirinus founder of the Roman state;
O parent *Mars*, from whom *Quirinus* sprung;
Chaste *Vesta*, *Cesar*'s household gods among,
Most sacred held; domestic *Phæbus*, thou,
To whom with *Vesta* chaste alike we bow;
Great guardian of the high *Tarpeian* rock;
And all ye powers, whom poets may invoke;
O grant, that day may visit late our crimes,
Most late, and thrown beyond the present times,
When lov'd *Augustus* shall the world resign,
At length translated to the seats divine,
And to our prayers a willing ear incline!

The Conclusion.

AND now the labour, which defies the rage
Of thunder, fire, and sword, and wasting age,
Is finish'd: let that undetermin'd hour,
Which o're this body only claims a power,
Come, when it will, and take my life away;
The part of me, unknowing to decay,

My

The Conclusion.

My nobler self, shall soar above the sky
 Immortal; and my name shall never die,
 Wherever *Rome* extends her wide command,
 By every tongue, extoll'd, in every land;
 And all to come, if *poets* may divine,
 The half of round eternity, is mine.



The Conclusion.

And now the labor, which desires the rays
 Of thunder, fire, and sword, and waving ag
 Is finished: this that understand thou
 Which o'er the body only claims a power,
 Come, when it will, and take my life away;
 The part of me, unknowing to decay,

TO



T O

Z E L I N D A,

In Imitation of

The Third ELEGY of the Third
BOOK of *TIBULLUS*.

My lab'ring breast is swoln with ceaseless sighs;
 With vows and prayers I importune the skies:
 In vain my breast its fighting anguish bears;
 In vain the skies I importune with prayers:
 Still angry fates with-hold thy wish'd-for charms,
 Nor give *Zelinda* to *Amintor's* arms.

I wish not, under stately roofs, to sleep,
 On purple beds, nor mighty crops to reap,
 High-waving grain! thro' endless acres sown;
 Lord of the harvest, and the year my own!
 I covet not th' encrease the pasture yields;
 The flocks and herds, that graze a thousand fields!

My

My whole desire, if so the powers decree,
Is still to love, and to be lov'd by thee ;
Long ages on thy panting breast to lie,
And in thy kind embrace, when old, to die.

WHAT would avail me thro' *Salons* to go,
All glorious with the paint of *Angelo* ?
Or what, historic figures to behold,
On the rich *arras* wrought, or weav'd in gold ?
Of what avail were types on *plate* emboss'd,
Or sumptuous *floors* inlaid with regal cost ;
Gay watry forms, from *magic founts* that rise,
The *conic* greens, and varied flowery *dies* ?
Th' ill-judging crowd admire those empty toys ;
The arguments for envy and for noise !
Not all the treasures, *Indian* regions bear,
Can sooth inquietude, or banish care.

ALL human things submit to fortune's will,
And change by giddy laws from good to ill :
With thee, *Zelinda*, may it be my fate,
Of life and love to know an equal date !
With thee, an humble cottage-life will please,
Above the pride of royal palaces :
May they, in search of wealth, thro' dangers rove,
Who feel not beauty nor have hearts to love !

TO ZELINDA.

91

To others wealth, ye sacred powers, assign;
To others crowns; but make *Zelinda* mine.

O how divinely bright the day will rise,
That shall restore thee to my ravish'd eyes!
O long expected rise; fair dawn, appear;
The most auspicious of the *Julian* year!
And thou, bright goddess! queen of *Paphian* groves,
Drawn in thy glittering shell by milk-white doves,
If not a fabled goddess, o! impart
The wish'd-for aid, and ease thy vot'ry's heart.

BUT if inexorable fates ordain,
I still shall languish with desponding pain;
To realms of rest and silence let me go,
Where lovers in oblivion lose their woe.



THE



T H E

FAULTLESS FAIR.

O F all her works to polish woman, most,
 Does nature strive, of all her works the boast !
 Yet, while she molds the tender clay with art,
 And fashions it for empire o're the heart ;
 Short of perfection still she leaves her plan,
 In pity to the slave of beauty, man :
 Bestowing charms, she kindly casts allays,
 And what we censure blends with what we praise ;
 Her gifts unmix'd but rarely do we trace ;
 We spy a blemish, while we prize a grace.

AURELIA's face assembled crowds adore ;
 Her shape survey'd, th' enchantment reigns no more :
 From *Fulvia's* eye none e're confest a fire,
 Or on her bosom long'd not to expire :
 To love might *Chloe* melt a flinted breast,
 If *Chloe* with *Myrtilla's* wit were blest :
Myrtilla to despair might monarchs doom,
 Had but *Myrtilla* youthful *Chloe's* bloom :

When

The FAULTLESS FAIR. 93

When pensive, *Cynthia's* charms all hearts obey ;
But in her smiles the goddess fades away :
If *Cynthia* smile, all hearts are free from pain ;
But let her languish, and they pant again.

Thus graces with defects together spring,
And the same hour does chains and freedom bring:
Thou only claim'st, my love, sincere applause,
Exempted from creation's common laws ;
To thee, *Zelinda*, nature, over-kind,
Gave all her gifts, of feature and of mind ;
Thee she did finish with an artist's care,
Without a rival, and a *faultless fair* !
Thy envied form does every charm disclose,
And in that nursery every beauty grows.

— So the fam'd *tree*, that springs in *Java's* groves,
Bends with its freight of *nutmeg, mace* and *cloves* ;
One costly sap the precious load supplies,
And from one stem the mingled odours rise ;
Beneath its shade, indulg'd, the natives lie,
And in a scene so soft desire to die.



(94)

THYRSIS and DAPHNE.

A TALE.

2
THYRSIS, the darling of the fair,
And *Daphne*, every shepherd's care,
To mutual joys did *love* ordain;
And either wore the other's chain:
Their breasts with pleasing tumults tost,
All thoughts in thoughts of love they lost,
Each hour grew fonder than before,
And every moment doated more:
In groves, whose verdures banish day,
In grotts, where trembling ecchoes play,
In arbrets, green with frequent shade,
Beneath the spreading *mulb'ry* laid,
Or on brook-margins, strow'd with flowers,
They joy'd to pass the silent hours;
The silent hours, the brooks, the groves,
Recorded their unalter'd loves.

THYRSIS and DAPHNE. 95

THERE is an hour, by fate assign'd,
 When *nature* works on *beauty's* mind;
 A season, lucky to persuade;
 A moment, when the chasteft maid,
 That feels of *love* the melting pains,
 Yields to the *laws*, by which he reigns:
 Nor watchful guards, nor bars of steel,
 Nor cloysters, rais'd by papal zeal,
 Can ward the charming virgin's doom,
 When once her hour of bliss is come:
 Such was this charming virgin's fate,
 And every nymph finds soon or late;
 From *Thyrsis*' eye in vain she strove
 To hide the longings of her love;
 He saw her passion in her face;
 And strain'd her in a strict embrace.

BEHOLD him clasp'd in *Daphne's* arms,
 The lovely spoiler of her charms!
 Abandon'd to his fierce desire
 He lies, and trembles to expire:
 When o! cried she, my better part!
 Kind inmate of my faithful heart!
 O give not yet desire its sway;
 Soul of my eyes! my *Thyrsis*, stay!

96 **THYRSIS and DAPHNE.**

Entranc'd together let us lie;

Together, *Thyrsis*, let us die!

WITH sweet surprize the shepherd heard
Prayers in such soft distress preferr'd :
And tho' love gives but short delays,
And, travers'd, from his channel strays,
Yet with those melting whispers prest,
That shudder'd to his inmost breast,
He strove obedient to refrain,
And check'd the pressing joy with pain.

WHAT pictures now his mind employ!
In this delightful pause of joy,
What thoughts the soul of *Thyrsis* rais'd!
A moment on her eyes he gaz'd,
A moment sooth'd her kind complaint,
And languish'd in the still restraint;
At length, indulgent nature sway'd
To equal warmth the tender maid;
The tender maid began to waste;
The messengers of love made haste :
Ah! now, my blooming boy! she cries,
Ah! now, my life! thy *Daphne* dies:

And

THYRSIS *and* DAPHNE. 97

And I the keen impulse obey,
Replied the youth, and died away.

THUS the fond pair resign'd their breath,
And dy'd a transient amorous death;
Returning life they counted pain,
And wish'd and sigh'd to die again.



N 3

THE

Since



THE
P O R T R A I T U R E .

WHEN *Titian* did in lights and shades disclose
 The nymph he languish'd for, a *Venus* rose :
 He touch'd her beauties, and surpass'd his art ;
 Beauties, which love had painted on his heart :
Carnation freshness on her cheek he shed,
 And temper'd, as it grew, the kindling red :
 Thro' its fine progress all her shape he traced,
 Deduced in soft proportion to her waste :
 With whitest blossoms did her bosom vie :
 Her bosom panted to the cheated eye !
 The finish'd form, the lovely *painted maid*,
 To every land the painter's fame convey'd,
 All eyes beheld her beauty with despair,
 And pin'd in secret for a fancied fair.

IF poessie on picture may refine :
 Or could I call that *Roman's* genius mine !

Since

The PORTRAITURE.

99

Since one my fate in love, and like my flame,
My art allied to his, or near the same;
Thy fame, *Zelinda*, should unrivall'd be,
And *Titian's mistress* yield the prize to thee:
Unfaded shouldst thou wear thy youthful prime;
And count, my love, among thy conquests, time:
Thy eye's lost lustre should no day upbraid,
Or see thy temples want their golden shade:
Thy smooth soft neck despoil'd no year should show,
Nor age pollute its everlasting snow.

W H A T lies within the compass of my art,
All that I can, my charmer, I impart;
Oft' strive thy beauties to reveal to sight,
And show thee in the muse's shade and light:
Now to thy cheek its blushing stain I give,
And bid the undissembled roses live;
Now imitate thy hand, or veiny wrist;
Now thy white neck, reclining to be kiss'd;
Now one, and then by turns another charm;
Thy lip soft-swelling, or thy iv'ry arm:
At leisure, then, the portrait I review,
And with the copied nymph compare the true:
O with what languor is the work sustain'd!
How does the genuine maid surpass the feign'd!

How

100 *The PORTRAITURE.*

How short an abstract is the painted fair !
How little of th' original is there !

OF T' as thou fir'st, sweet-smiling in my eye ;
A thousand charms, unfound before, I spy :
A thousand soft results of air and mien,
That 'scap'd the curious sight till now, are seen ;
A thousand more lie hid, and wait alone
The seasons and inducements to be shown :
No hour, but whence its birth some beauty dates,
And scarce a gesture, but a grace creates ;
Not any passion, but restores to view
The dormant beauties, or produces new ;
No grief, but every feature does alarm ;
No joy, but varies or exalts a charm :
Each added charm into the piece I cast ;
Yet ne'er can call the charm, I add, the last :
In vain a single picture strives to trace,
Thro' every attitude, thy matchless face ;
Nor one, but many plans it would require
To paint thee all, and give the nymph entire.

THUS do I start, and thus pursue my game,
Solicitous to raise thy *beauty's fame* :
Nor shall thy *beauty's fame*, if I presage
Aright, not last beyond the present age ;

Nor

The PORTRAITURE. 101

Nor shall thy *bloom*, a fading essence, die,
But charm posterity's admiring eye:
Zelinda was not destin'd to decay,
Or but to reign the goddess of a day,
Like vulgar virgins, of an humbler lot,
Prais'd in one age, and in the next forgot.



